JULIA COLVILLE.

IN

THREE VOLUMES

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

503

VOL. I.

Chester:
Printed and sold by W. Minshull, at the Eastgate.
SOLD ALSO BY
CROSBY AND LETTERMAN,
No. 4, Stationers-court, near Paternoster-row,
LONDON.

1800.

503

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JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER I.

MISS THORNHILL

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Elm Park.

OH, my Julia, your friend is on the brink of deſtruction. Pity me, pray for me; 'tis, alas! I am too well aſſured, all you can do for me. The hated monſter, my intended huſband, is arrived, attended by his domeſtic chaplain; and my uncle has commanded me to receive his hand in ten days. No entreaties can move him; he is inexorable, and vows, that if I perſiſt in my refuſal, violence ſhall

oblige me to comply with his commands. Ever ſince Mr. Denham made his propoſals in form, I have been confined a cloſe priſoner to my own apartment; Lucy, my faithful Lucy, is my only comforter; by *her* aſſiſtance, this letter is conveyed to you; do not attempt to anſwer it, as it may ruin me for ever.

Farewel: You ſhall hear from me very ſhortly, if they do not deprive me of exiſtence as well as of liberty; for I am determined nothing ſhall ever tempt or terrify me into compliance.

Adieu, my friend. Remember me in your oriſons.

EMMA THORNHILL.

LETTER

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

A THOUGHT has occurred; the ſuggeſtion ſurely of my guardian angel, which, if my plan proſpers, will place me out of the reach of tyranny. ....I am ſo agitated, I can hardly write. If all ſucceeds, I may be transferred from the graſp of my tormentor, to the arms of my Henry; but if it fails!.......I cannot bear the idea!...... the horror of it chills my blood...... I can write no more: but prepare yourſelf for wondrous tidings.

Your

EMMA.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME
TO
THE SAME.

'TIS past! my beloved Julia, and all is well; 'tis more, every thing has ſucceeded, and all is joy and happineſs. It is proper, however, that I ſhould for the preſent forbear my tranſports, and apologize for the incoherence of my former letters, by informing you fully of every thing.

I believe you have never ſeen the adorable creature, whom my kind uncle ſelected for my huſband; if ſo, be it known, that he is a nabob, lately

returned

returned from the Eaſt Indies, and as rich as Crœſus. He is, beſides a baronet, and *may be* a lord; his ſtature is not extremely gigantic, as he does not exceed four feet and a half; but what he loſes in height, is fully made up in bulk; his knees appear to have a wonderful partiality for each other, as they meet in the cloſeſt contact; but to counterbalance this, his heels are for ever half a yard aſunder. His body may be about the circumference of one of Mr. Whitbread's butts: It is impoſſible to do juſtice to his face; its colour is compoſed of blue and purple; the ſign of the Saracen's-head, is a faint reſemblance of it; but his eyes are much *fiercer*, and are ſurmounted by a ſtupendous pair of black eye-brows; his forehead moſt richly ſtudied with pimples, which, as they evince good living,

he appears to confider as marks, not only of beauty, but of dignity.

Such, my dear Julia, was the help-mate deftined for your friend.

The addrefs and manners of this amiable perfonage are as fafcinating as his perfon; for, to the vulgarity of a porter, he joins the hauteur of a bafhaw; and he in blunt terms affured me, that I ought to efteem myfelf fupereminently bleffed in being the object he felected for his wife. Was it poffible to bear this? Every female paffion was roufed; and even in the prefence of my uncle, I rejected his propofals, with the utmoft difdain: I went farther, and by a farcaftic review of his perfon, and accomplifh-ments, irritated the little great man, to fuch a degree of rage, that he.

looked

looked ſtill more horrible and ugly than uſual.

This was imprudent, for it appeared to confirm him in a determination of carrying his point; and he now urged, from a ſpirit of revenge, what he had before offered from a ſlight preference to my perſon.

Judge, my dear girl, what would have been my ſituation in the cuſtody of ſuch a brute; but fate proved kinder than to permit it; and love, faithful to his votary, ſuggeſted the *ruſe*, that has for ever made me happy in the poſſeſſion of the only man I lived for.

After Mr. Denham had paid his viſit of ceremony, and propoſed himſelf for me, in due form, (at which

time, he was rejected with the utmoſt rudeneſs by my uncle) he retired to the houſe of a moſt intimate friend in this neighbourhood, who had ſtudied with him at Cambridge.

The ſeat is about ſix miles from Elm Park; whence he and Mr. Barton, his friend, came every dark evening, and lurked about our park and garden, in hopes of an opportunity of conveying me away; for it was agreed, that although all my fortune was in my uncle's hands, and would be totally at his diſpoſal, if I married before I was of age, and without his conſent; yet this, and every other conſideration, was of no avail to counterbalance our plans of *felicity*; and all was to be relinquiſhed, ſooner than break through thoſe vows, we had ſolemnly ſworn, to be united to each other.

I was

I was apprized, by my faithful Lucy, every time they viſited the park; but, (as I mentioned before) from the moment of Henry's declaration, I was a priſoner in my bed-chamber. A vigilant houſekeper preſided over the ſervants, and no one dared to make one effort to liberate me. My poor Lucy was alſo obliged to appear totally devoted to her maſter, leſt, being ſuſpected of partiality for me, ſhe might have been diſcarded. She even carried this ſo far, as to addreſs the duenna, and beg that ſhe might not be locked up with miſs, who, ſhe ſaid, was ſo croſs, and huffed her ſo much, that it was not to be endured. Had they deprived me of this good creature, I ſhould have been undone: it was an event I always dreaded; but that fortunately never happened.

The day appointed for the dreaded ceremony approached, without my having fixed on any ſcheme to avoid it. Plan after plan was propoſed, and rejected; but, at length, what our utmoſt endeavours and deliberations failed to accompliſh, the mereſt chance diſcovered.

My friend Lucy, anxious to divert for a few moments my diſtreſs, had one day brought me a newſpaper to peruſe. With vacant inattention, I looked over its contents, till one advertiſement attracted my notice.....A very large reward was offered for the apprehenſion of a highwayman, who had lately committed ſeveral depredations in our vicinity. It deſcribed his perſon and his horſe; and the figure and colour of the latter, ſo exactly tallied with one that Sir Chriſtopher

Pulſtone

Pulſtone had brought with him hither, that I inſtantly formed the project which has ſince ſo well ſucceeded.

In conſequence of this, I inſtantly diſpatched Lucy to Henry, apprizing him of my intentions; and then wrote a letter to my uncle, complaining, in very humble terms, of my confinement; and aſſuring him, that my health would ſuffer from any longer privation of air and exerciſe. As the tenor of this letter was very different from the lofty tone I had before aſſumed, the old gentleman (as Lucy told me) ſmiled, and turned to the nabob, who ſat near him, "I congra-"tulate you, my friend," ſaid he; "we have at laſt diſcovered the me-"thod of *taming a ſhrew*; and ſhe "ſhall now capitulate at diſcretion."

A ſhort time after this, he entered my room; and with a ſmile of condeſcenſion, "I am glad, Emma," ſaid he, "to find, that a little confinement "has brought you to liſten to "reaſon. You now undoubtedly per-"ceive, that when I pointed out a "man worthy of you, I could have "nothing in view but your happineſs. "What woman in her ſenſes would "throw herſelf and ten thouſand "pounds away, on a beggarly curate; "when one of the firſt fortunes in "England, a baronet, whoſe treaſures "could enable her to vie with the "premier ducheſs of the realm, was "offered her? Could I, as her guar-"dian, witneſs ſuch a proſtitution of "perſon and property? No, my "Emma; I was reſolved you ſhould "be happy, even in ſpite of yourſelf; "nor would I have heſitated at any

"method,

" method, however harſh or violent, " to carry my point. My word was " pledged, and my honour was at " ſtake; but now, I truſt, you will " prevent any further trouble, and no " longer turn from fortune, when ſhe " ſmiles on you."

" Ah! but, my dear guardy," ſaid I, (my eyes turned to the ground) " you were ſo very precipitate: you " allowed me no time for conſidera- " tion."

" Remember, niece," ſaid he, " that one of our greateſt poets was " of opinion, that *the woman that* " *deliberates is loſt*; and I was reſolved " to ſave you."

" Well but, my dear guardy," returned I (in a childiſh tone) ſurely

"surely you will not be so very rigid "as to fix the day sooner than at the "expiration of a fortnight?"

"Well, well," replied he, "be it "so then. And now I will uncage my "little prisoner, and you shall descend "with me into the saloon."

I begged to be excused for the present; but told him, I purposed myself the pleasure of meeting him at dinner.

Oh, Julia, as you never were in a similar situation, you can have no idea of what I underwent till my plot was ripe for execution. The little pampered nabob was more insufferable than ever; and he now regarded me as the prostrate slave, to whom he had vouchsafed to throw the handkerchief.

What

What violence did I do myſelf, when I ſuffered him to approach me, and talk of his riches; and of the honour he was about to confer on me? what efforts did I make, to ſubdue my reſentment, when I permitted him to retain my hand in his graſp? But the recollection that all this was neceſſary to the ſucceſs of my plan, gave me ſtrength, and courage, to ſuſtain theſe trials.

Yet one day I had nearly deſtroyed the effects of all my forbearance and diſſimulation.

I had been walking in the garden after dinner, when, at the turn of one of the walks, I met my tormentor: his face was in full glow of uglineſs; and the champaigne he had ſwallowed ſeemed to have illuminated his defor-

mity

mity beyond every thing that his horrible. He was intoxicated....he ſnatched me up in his arms, and..... how ſhall I name it !....the monſter kiſſed me !.......Burning with rage, I know not what I might have ſaid, or done ; but, luckily, my feelings were too great for utterance, and I burſt into a flood of tears. What an eſcape ! How nearly was I undoing all my labours, and ruining, in a moment, all my deep-laid ſchemes !.... but my uncle appeared, and rallying the drunken ruffian, " Come, come," ſaid he, " we muſt ſay grace before " victuals. This is not fair : ſhe will " ſoon be your own property, and " then no one dare interfere."

I had ſo far overcome my feelings, as to force myſelf to ſmile on, and ſometimes to iſten to the addreſſes of, my

my lover: and, in confequence of this, really believing that I admired him, there was no end to his gallantry. The morning which was fixed for the accomplifhment of our fcheme, was fortunately a very fine one: I told the nabob, that I wifhed to take an airing, and hoped, that, if not better engaged, he would accompany me. He inftantly agreed to it, and propofed his phaeton. I objected to this, and begged he would fo far indulge me as to ride out with me, adding, that he had a moft beautiful horfe (defcribing the one I before mentioned) and declaring, that nothing could be a more pleafing fight than a handfome man, well mounted. There was no withftanding this compliment: and the horfes were immediately ordered.

Figure

Figure to yourfelf, my dear Julia, my rouleau of a lover, feated on his charger, like a miller's fack; his feet turned out, like a dancing-mafter; his elbows fquared; his head couched between his fhoulders; and his eyes fixed on the ears of the horfe. For the firft mile, he was fo much taken up in keeping himfelf in equilibrium, that he never uttered a fyllable: At length, he affumed fufficient courage to chat a little; and as we never deviated from a walk, in a fhort time after, gave me a defcription of his feat in Hertfordfhire.

We now approached Mr. Barton's houfe; and as we were nearly arrived at the fcene of action, my heart palpitated, with fear, and hope; and I began to dread I knew not what. I trembled all over; and my agitation

was

was fo great, that my companion afked if I was ill, and propofed to return.

At this moment, two men paffed us; when one of them exclaimed, in a rough voice, " Jack, that's the horfe, " or I'm very much miftaken." They rode back, followed us for a fhort time, and then ftopped, as if debating. I now found that all was right, and turned to look at my lover, whofe face had loft all its rubicundity, and had affumed a livid, death-like hue. With trembling lips, he afked me if I thought we fhould be robbed? I anfwered, that it would be well if robbery were all, as the villains who infefted the roads, in this quarter, often murdered as well as pilfered: adding, that as we had now the ftart of them, we had better gallop on.

This

This expedient, I knew, he dreaded almoſt as much as robbery; but the caſe was ſo urgent, that he endeavoured to ſit a gallop; and, although his fingers were ſtrongly fixed in the mane of the horſe, yet he was obliged to deſiſt, after a very ſhort eſſay; when, with the moſt rueful viſage I ever beheld, he took a ſplendid ring from his finger, and giving it to me, requeſted I would conceal it in ſome part of my dreſs; adding, "they will, "perhaps, reſpect your ſex; but the "Lord have mercy upon me!" Then calling his ſervant, he deſired him to ride off for aſſiſtance; but the poor terrified fellow, ſeeing the men again approach us, refuſed to advance a ſtep without us.

The horſemen had now joined us; when one of them, telling his companion

panion he would quickly be back, rode on; the other ſtill continued to ride by the ſide of the baronet, whom he at laſt addreſſed:

"I thinks I have feed that there "gelding before."

"It is very likely, ſir," ſaid the great man (pulling off his hat with the utmoſt humility.)

"Yes, yes," ſaid the other, "I'm "damned if I am miſtaken in the "horſe: And though you do not "quite anſwer the deſcription of "Galloping Dick, yet you are perhaps "one of the gang, for all your fine "cloaths."

To this, Sir Chriſtopher made no reply; and we continued to move on, ſlowly;

ſlowly; the nabob, in a ſtate nearly approaching that of a ſwoon; and our companion's eyes ſteadily fixed on the countenance of my trembling lover.

At length, we arrived at Barton-Hall. The view of the houſe ſeemed to reanimate my admirer; but he did not venture to ſtop, or make one effort to procure aſſiſtance; although, by the moſt intelligent looks, he implored me to apply to the inhabitants of the manſion.

To his utter aſtoniſhment, the ſtranger ordered us to ſtop; and advancing, rang the bell at the gate. In a few moments, Mr. Barton, accompanied by the man (who had left us ſome time before) advancing, addreſſed the nabob in very polite terms. He

He was extremely ſorry, he ſaid, that ſo unpleaſant an occurrence, as being ſtopped on the high road, ſhould have happened to us; but the fact was, that the perſons who had accoſted us, ſeeing a very large reward offered for the apprehenſion of a robber, who had long infeſted the country, and ſtruck with the appearance of the Baronet's horſe, which much reſembled that of the highwayman, had ſtopped him; hoping, that the diſcovery of the horſe might lead to that of the villain. The men, he added, perſiſted ſtrongly in their aſſertions of the gelding being that of the fellow; and one of them had made oath of it. Under theſe circumſtances, therefore, he lamented that, as a juſtice of the peace, he muſt detain the gelding; but obligingly requeſted us to walk into the houſe.

houfe. Some friends, he faid, were juft fitting down to dinner; and, if we would join them, he would ceafe to lament an accident, that afforded him the pleafure of our company.

As the ftory is too long to be the fubject of one letter, I fhall difpatch this for your prefent information; and finifh my hiftory in my next.

Your's, as ever,

though

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

A WRETCH, trembling under the gallows, never received, a reprieve with more joy, than the baronet evinced at this *eclairciſſement.*

He ſcrambled down from his horſe, in a trice. His face, reſuming its former crimſon, he ran to Mr. Barton, and eagerly graſping his hand, ſwore he was the fineſt fellow in chriſtendom; that he willingly accepted his invitation; and inſtantly prepared to enter the houſe, totally regardleſs of me,

whom he had indeed entirely forgotten. Mr. Barton, however, affifted me to alight; which, when he perceived, he ftepped towards me, faying, "Odfo, that's right, I had "almoft forgot, this is Mifs Thornhill, my intended wife. Come, the "dinner, you fay, fir, is ready.....Why "this is a lucky meeting indeed: "Come, Mifs Emmy, walk in:" And pulling me gently by the elbow, "You "may now," faid he, "return me the "ring: There is no more danger to "apprehend."

To vex him, I feigned not to hear, and we entered the houfe; where we found every thing prepared for a handfome repaft.

Mifs Barton received us in the politeft manner, and introduced us

with

with great gravity to Mr. Denham and Dr. Waters, two neighbouring gentlemen were of the party (ready to aſſiſt us, in caſe of neceſſity) and the whole paſt as if we had been utter ſtrangers to each other; but Henry very ſoon contrived to place himſelf near me; and we enjoyed our chat, uninterrupted; indeed, we ran very little danger of ſuſpicion, as the nabob was ſo much rejoiced at finding himſelf in a place of ſafety, that he was totally abſorbed in his own happineſs, and in the higheſt ſpirits; Mr. Barton, however, prevailed on him to ſwallow a glaſs of ſpirits, to brace his ſtomach, in which he acquieſced, as he aſſured them he was greatly agitated on my account, he having obſerved me turn very pale.

He ſlightly mentioned his apprehenſions, that my uncle would be

alarmed at our abſence; but was ſoon tranquilized, when told, that a meſſenger ſhould be inſtantly diſpatched to Elm Park, to inform him where we were.

Mr. Barton plied Sir Chriſtopher ſo frequently with bumpers of madeira, during dinner, that one bottle of claret ſufficed to ſend him totally ſenſeleſs to bed; his ſervant was treated with the ſame hoſpitality, and alſo locked into his room, through fear of any premature diſcovery.

It was, then, my Julia, that I received the congratulations of my friends.

Henry threw himſelf at my feet, and implored me no longer to defer his happineſs: the ſmalleſt delay, he

ſaid

ſaid, might ſeparate us for ever. He was joined, in this requeſt, by every one preſent......it was impoſſible to reſiſt this combined attack.....Doctor Waters tied the indiſſoluble knot.

The following morning, Mr. Barton, the Doctor, and the nabob, were aſſembled in the breakfaſt parlour, waiting the appearance of the ladies: Mr. Barton apologized for delaying; but ſaid, he awaited the arrival of a newly married couple, who had promiſed their company.

The nabob was very reſtleſs.... wiſhed to return to Elm Park, without loſs of time; and ſent repeated meſſengers, to deſire I would be expeditious.

At length, Mr. and Mrs. Denham were announced; and I entered, con-

ducted by Henry.....The name immediately ſtruck the little man, and he ſeemed inſtantly to comprehend the whole plot. Aſtoniſhment..... revenge.....and imbecile rage, operated, at once, ſo powerfully, that he was bereft of utterance. He roſe, he trembled with paſſion and ſat down again.....his lips quivered.....his face, like what we call a ſhot ſilk, turned from blue to crimſon, and from crimſon to blue.....and he ſeemed ſtifled with anger.

Mr. Barton could no longer withſtand this, but burſt out into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by moſt of the company.....even the muſcles of the grave divine were affected.

The poor baronet at length recovered the uſe of his tongue, which now,

once

once fet a going, was proceeding, in a very loud ftrain of abufe, againft the mafter of the houfe; till Mr. Barton checked him, and regarding him with an eye which at once put an end to his vociferation, faid, that he efteemed that day, which had under his roof compleated the efcape of beauty and innocence from fordid tyranny, as the moft fortunate period of his exiftence; that the world would applaud, and malevolence herfelf rejoice in, the event: advifing him to conceal the ftory, if he wifhed not to be made the laughing ftock of every one; and finifhed by whifpering the nabob, that if his conduct had very grievoufly offended him, he was ready to give every fatisfaction he requefted.

I then returned the diamond, affuring him I was happy in having

defended it; and that I now reftored it, as my hufband had prefented me with a ring of much higher value.

Without replying, he fullenly ftalked to the garden-door, where he found his horfes waiting, and rode off in high dudgeon.

You fee, my friend, I have fent you a packet, inftead of a letter: but as I know you love me, I fhall make no apologies for my epiftles, nor the egotifms they contain.

Tomorrow, we fet off for the Parfonage in Glamorganfhire, from whence you fhall hear from me again.

Farewel,

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER V.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Welbeck-Street, London.

MAY every happineſs attend you, my deareſt Emma, and may your whole life be one wedding-day.

How I trembled for your ſucceſs!.... I feared you would never be able to elude your watchful guardian.

What an eſcape you have had!.... But I am very apprehenſive that your uncle will adhere to the letter of the will, and deprive you of your for-

tune; but between that and happineſs, you were certainly right not to balance.

What a tyrant muſt Mr. Thornhill be, to attempt to force you into a marriage you deteſted!....ſurely, he muſt have foreſeen, that you never would conſent to it; and therefore propoſed it, that he might rob you in a legal way.

Pardon me, for ſpeaking thus of your uncle; but really his conduct merits ſuch an opinion.

Nothing but your happineſs could at preſent chear my ſpirits.....My mother is very far from being well; and my brother has juſt received orders to join his regiment, which is to embark for the Weſt-Indies.

This

This latter event ſeems to affect my mother extremely; and ſhe already fancies him a victim to the diſeaſes of that climate. There is but too much cauſe for apprehenſion; but we endeavour to rally her out of her fears.

How cruel is ſeparation, and how different it is, to yield conſolation, when the heart throbs with grief?.... Yet this is my taſk; and I muſt endeavour to accompliſh it.

Charles, with all the firmneſs of a ſoldier, poſſeſſes the accuteſt ſenſibility; and is viſibly affected, when the ſubject of parting is mentioned:...but a military man muſt follow his ſtandard.....Emma, how happy are you, that you did not marry a ſoldier.

 Adieu...

Adieu.....Write to me ſoon; and convince me, that in the arms of your huſband, you ſtill remember

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER VI.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR,

WALKER'S HOTEL, EDINBURGH.

WHAT in the name of wonder are you doing ſo long in the North?.... Are you going to make a purchaſe in the Hebrides, or has ſome Scottiſh nymph ſo much faſcinated you, as to deprive you of the power of returning to this more genial climate?

Some of your friends ſwear, that your laſt bad run, at Brookes's, has obliged you to diſappear.....Others, as

as kind, aver, that you have carried off the little milliner of Bury-ſtreet, and that you are enjoying the *ſweets of love, en berger,* in ſome cottage on the Alpine hills of Caledonia.....In ſhort, every one enquires for you in different terms; but all expreſſive of aſtoniſhment, at your long abſence.

I will not tell you, what the women ſay of you; as you are ſufficiently vain already.

Our club languiſhes; our dinners are no longer convivial: you have really deranged all our parties, by not returning.

But the reaſon that I particularly regret your ſtay in Edinburgh is, that our regiment is ordered for the Weſt-Indies; and if you do not make all poſſible

poſſible haſte, I muſt depart without bidding you farewel.

You know, that I have no great partiality for a ſervice, where promotion is only gained by the death of our companions; and where, perhaps, the only enemy we ſhall have to encounter, is the yellow fever.....A formidable one, it is true; but there is no honour to be gained by the conflict.

Mais c'eſt egale il faut marcher.

Come within ten days, or you will not ſee your

Friend,

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Edinburgh.

I AM extremely ſorry, my dear Charles, that we are to loſe you ſo ſoon.....I ſhall make every effort to ſee you before you leave London; and mean to accompany you to whatever port you may embark at.

Be aſſured, you are all wrong, in ſuppoſing that my ſtay here is voluntary; for, although born in this country, I do not feel that violent partiality for it, which generally diſtinguiſhes its natives.

This

This money, Charles, to raiſe the ſupplies, is my only reaſon for remaining here; and I find it no eaſy matter, to perſuade a worthy gentleman, whom I entruſted with the management of my property, to indulge me with a few hundreds.

On my arrival here, I was waited on by my man of buſineſs; the moſt obſequious, little gentleman, you can imagine.....I explained the reaſon of my journey; and deſired to know what time it would require to accompliſh the affair.

He aſſured me, that a fortnight would be long enough to ſettle the buſineſs; and that he would immediately ſet about the neceſſary arrangements.

I have

I have been here ten months, and am ſtill no farther advanced.....whenever I ſee him, he talks of new difficulties to overcome; of *titles* to be made up, ſtatements to be copied by accountants, and the devil knows what.

I cannot return to London without the caſh; and how to open my own coffers, is by no means yet aſcertained.....The miſchief of the matter is, that theſe writers underſtand each other ſo perfectly well, that give your buſineſs to another man, and he will entangle your affairs ſtill more than the one before employed.

In the interim, this kind gentleman lends me my own money; and ſometimes gives me a good dinner, for theſe people, Charles, live like

Princes,

Princes, and have the beſt wine in the country.....But I am determined to cloſe the matter in a very few days, or proceed to very rigid meaſures.

Every thing here is upon a large ſcale;....the women, the mountains, and houſes, are all gigantic.....When I ſpeak of the houſes, I mean thoſe in the old town; thoſe of the new are in a more modern ſtyle.....But I do not admire it; the ſtreets are in a parallel with the Frith, and conſiſt of a line of uniform buildings, a mile and a half in length, without any object for the eye to reſt on, or any break to form variety. The moſt faſhionable ſtreet conſiſts but of one row of houſes, the other ſide remaining open to the caſtle and old town, which latter reſembles an immenſe ruin.

There

There is here but one circle of *gens comme il faut*; consequently, you meet the same faces wherever you go.

You know, Charles, that I have suffered considerably by play; but I am in no danger of being ruined here, for I do not believe that in the whole city I could find an honest fellow, that would take a throw for a hundred.

For ten months in the year, this is the dullest capital in Christendom; but the two jubilee months are indeed furiously gay.....Dinners....suppers.... balls, &c. &c. without number. In short, at this time, *on ne goute pas le plaiser on l'avale.*

Women here are the most determined dancers I ever saw.....There certainly is something very lively and exhi-

exhiliräting in their reels; but they continue with a perſeverance, that would ſoon eradicate the poiſon of the bite of the tarantula.

Our friend, the little colonel, was unfortunately entangled, the other evening, with two ladies, who poſſeſſed this *mania*.....After figuring away for twenty minutes, exhibiting all the Highland ſteps he had been practiſing in the morning, he vainly flattered himſelf that the miſſes would ſit down ſatisfied: they however continued to reel on;....the affair became ſerious;.... but an admiring circle was now formed round them, and it abſolutely became a point of honour, in him, to continue; till at length, after a romp of three quarters of an hour, the fidlers humanely put an end to his ſufferings, by concluding the ball.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow I attack my man of bufinefs, at all points; and ſhall fet off for your *gay village*, as ſoon as I have procured the *fine qua non*.

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

Edinburgh.

BY all that's horrible! I cannot extract one fous from the gripe of this accurfed fcribe.

I have only one refource left; and I fhall inftantly put it into execution... merely to free my eftate from the incumbrance of a dufky plantation of firs, which give the moft fombre air to the already difmal manfion of my anceftors.

Yet

Yet not one word of this, Charles; as there is a certain old gentleman, from whom I have ſome expectations, who would not perhaps approve of my plan.....but it is determined; the ſquirrels ſhall be inſtantly diſlodged; and the wood, like *Birnham* foreſt, inſtantly march off the ground.

Tell our friends of the club, although they flatter themſelves they are tolerable topers, that they would be reckoned mere milk ſops in this country.....What think you of ſitting down to dinner at five, and never riſing till eight the next morning?....and this, five days out of the ſeven?

You know, I do not figure myſelf on poſſeſſing the quality of a ſpunge, by imbibing ſo much liquor; for which reaſon, I am excluded from

ing.

thefe very pleafant parties, and accounted a very dull fellow.

A laughable accident happened yefterday, to one of thefe votaries of Bacchus.....Staggering from the tavern, he arrived at a ftand of coaches; very few were there at fo early an hour; and after ineffectually calling a confiderable time for the coachman, he opened the door of one of the hacks, and drawing up the glaffes, fell afleep. He was roufed from his doze, about four hours after, by the jolting of the carriage; and looking out, found that he was about four miles from Edinburgh, in the train of a funeral proceffion.....It was in vain that he offered a confiderable bribe to the driver, to induce him to return with him to town; nor was his drefs fuch as he wifhed to appear in, in the full

 blaze

blaze of day.....he was therefore obliged to ftay out the whole ceremony; and did not arrive at his lodgings till very late in the evening.

I am interrupted by my newly appointed agent.

Would you believe it! another difficulty occurs....It is impoffible, he tells me, to find one accommodating Ifraelite here, who will advance the money I want, on the fecurity of the timber.

I muft again have recourfe to fome of thefe kind writers, who, I am told, have always cafh ready to purchafe a *good thing*.

This will occafion fome delay; but I fhall make the beft of my way, when it is finifhed.

Expect

O11, 4 COL X
A 1

Expect me, therefore, in eight days.

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

My deareſt Julia,

WE have written to my uncle, to beg his forgiveneſs; and to requeſt he will allow us to pay our reſpects in perſon.

He has refuſed every thing; and certainly means, as you predicted, to appropriate my fortune to his uſe.

I have juſt taken poſſeſſion of our little dwelling.....'Tis a ſnug habitable box,

box, without any pretenſion to elegance ;....but has a certain air of neatneſs, that pleaſes me extremely.

I have already fixed on an apartment for my Julia ; and truſt it will not be long before ſhe makes me happy by occupying it.

This country is charming, particularly about Britain ferry, which is very near us.....It is the Lake of Geneva in miniature.....The rocks, on both ſides of the water, are covered with hanging woods to its very margin ;....and adorned with a variety of flowering ſhrubs, ſpringing from the bare ſtone, and twiſted, by the hand of nature, into a thouſand fanciful ſhapes :.....and the ſurrounding high grounds, crowned with lofty and thick tufted woods, give a richneſs

to the ſcene, which it is beyond the powers of my pen to deſcribe.

But to view this ſpot, in perfection, it is neceſſary to take a boat, and, with the tide of flood, which ruſhes in here with wonderful impetuoſity, follow the windings of the river; and after paſſing Lord Vernon's grounds, and the Knoll, the beautiful ſeat of Sir. Robert Mackworth, viſit the venerable remains of Neath abbey.

I flatter myſelf, my friend, that when you join us, we ſhall have many agreeable rambles, in exploring the beauties of this country.

Unlike North Wales, whoſe ſcenery is more terrific and ſublime, than pleaſing, the whole landſcape here is ſtudded

ſtudded with cottages, which ſeem to have been placed by the hand of taſte in the moſt agreeable points of view, and as they are all white, are very enlivening.

Adieu.....I think that, for a newly married lady, I have written a very long epiſtle; and have no doubt you will be of the ſame opinion.

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER X.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Blair Caftle.

Dear Charles,

I HAVE juft heard from the old Earl.....*Some damned good-natured friend* has informed him of my recent loffes; but he rallies me on the event with abundance of good humour.

He tells me, that he has a match in view for me, which will at once do away all my embarraffments; and that if I will appoint him my proxy, to fettle the bufinefs, he will fend me what cafh I need for the prefent; and

fo

ſo far arrange all preliminaries, that I ſhall only have to preſent a ring, and ſlip into a fortune of eighty thouſand pounds.

This would not be a bad thing; but of the incumbrance.....of the lady, I mean.....my uncle ſays ſo little, that I figure to myſelf a frightful creature, too ſhocking to be mentioned.

He barely ſays, that ſhe is young; but this, you know, Charles, is ſo much the worſe, as the yoke will be of longer duration. Now was my intended, a reſpectable virgin, ſomewhat above ſixty, a man might certainly do her buſineſs in a ſhort time, without being found guilty of *manſlaughter*.

But feriously, as I at prefent have no very particular partiality for any one woman, was I lucky enough to meet with a good fortune, on the terms of matrimony (if the poffeffor was tolerably agreeable) I certainly would not hefitate to avail myfelf of it.

You know, Charles, I am an eafy fellow; and I pofitively think, I could live upon civil terms with a wife; and this, of courfe, is all that would be expected: though, I confefs, I fhould like to have fomething *prefentable*, fome one who could do the honours of my table (for I intend to live well) with credit to herfelf and me.

Whoever the lady may be, that the Earl has pitched upon, I fhall certainly

tainly not ſo far commit myſelf, as to enter into any hurried engagement:... And as to my uncle's promiſes of relief, I know him too well to believe, that he will lend me money on ſpeculation.....however, I ſhall reconnoitre the damſel, when I go to London.

My ſale goes on very ſlowly; and the deficiency of ready caſh renders purchaſers very ſcarce.

If poſſible, I will ſee you at Dover, as you tell me you are to remain there for ſome time; but leſt I ſhould be diſappointed, I have written to Mr. Harris, a merchant at that place, who will render you every attention in his power, during your ſtay.....He has long managed, for my uncle, a property that he poſſeſſes in Kent; and

as he regards me as the heir apparent, is particularly attentive and civil.

You ſee, by the date of this, that I am in poſſeſſion of the old family tenement; and were you to peep in, and ſee me ſurrounded by half a dozen people, whom I never ſaw before, but who all aſſure me they are my *blood relations*, and who, upon the ſtrength of that, do me the honour to dine with me every day.....were you to ſee me receive the evening report, of what havock the axe has made in the day, and conclude my bargains with the purchaſers.....you would allow mine to be a ſervice of fatigue.

On my arrival here, it was ſuppoſed, that I came to reſide:....And the exultations of the old ſervants, and

and general joy of the tenants, were greater than I can exprefs.

There is, certainly, an attachment in the people of this country, to their chieftains and lairds, not to be equalled in any other.

But the merriment in the neighbourhood of Blair Caftle was of fhort duration.....The greeve was ordered to engage a fufficient number of labourers; and the levelled woods foon convinced them of their miftake.

They now regarded me in a very different light; and by their groans, and averted looks, convinced me, that they looked upon me as a facrilegious monfter.....Not even the good liquors with which they were plentifully ferved,

ferved, could prevail upon thefe honeft people to relax into good humour.

"Your father, fir," faid they, "admired thefe towering pines, and "ancient oaks; and as he loved his "country, he loved his people, and "took pleafure in feeing them en-"joying the walks thefe groves "afforded, decked out in all their "holiday finery.....Alas! he is no "more, or thefe woods, the pride of "the country, would not have fallen."

It was impoffible not to feel for the natural partiality of thefe poor people, who, born on the fpot, faw in every tree an ancient friend, that had, perhaps, formerly yielded fhade to his miftrefs, in the foft hours of dalliance, and now fheltered his filvered head from the defcending ftorm.

I was

I was much pleafed with the frank fincerity of thefe men, who addreffed me with a freedom that every man, born a Briton, has a right to ufe.....In fhort, Charles, I felt as I ought to have done.

But there is no refifting imperious neceffity.....The woodman continues his labours, and the tall firs fall under his ftroke.

May it be long ere the hand of time, in like manner, lays proftrate my friend!

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

MY brother has juſt left us..... Laſt night, he bid us (perhaps) an eternal farewel; and this morning ſet off, at break of day, to join his corps.

A thouſand fears, which I muſt ſuppreſs before my mother, render me moſt miſerable.

Oh, Emma! tell me they are without foundation;.....aſſure me, I ſhall again embrace my brother;....perſuade me, againſt my underſtanding, that he is not ruſhing into the greateſt

dangers.....

dangers.....Do this, my friend, and give me ſpirits to conſole the diſtreſſes of my mother, who feels this ſeparation with a ſenſibility ſeldom to be met with, in perſons of her very advanced age.

Poor Charles ſeemed to be impreſſed with a preſentiment, that he beheld his parent for the laſt time; and, as he preſſed her, in a filial embrace, a torrent of tears guſhed from his eyes.

What was my ſituation !....Denied the luxury of weeping, I was obliged to aſſume a levity very foreign to my heart; and, with aukward and affected gaiety, to ſupport ſo trying a ſcene.

You, my Emma, are now the only friend, to whom I can unboſom myſelf; but, alas! how far diſtant!

Write

Write very ſoon, and aſſiſt me to recover my ſerenity.

Need I aſſure you, and Mr. Denham, of eſteem.

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER XII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

York-houfe, Dover.

My deareft Julia,

I WRITE to you on my arrival here.

How lucky do I efteem myfelf, that I am here alone, and not yet obliged to undergo the noify merriment of a regiment.

Yes, my deareft fifter, an unufual melancholy oppreffes my fpirits; and the

the apprehenſion, that I have bade a final adieu to the beſt of parents, renders me moſt miſerable.

Are we to credit thoſe feelings, which ſome call preſentiment? or how are we to diſtinguiſh them, from the unpleaſant ſenſations, which naturally ariſe at parting with our beſt friends?

Oh, Julia, how unfortunate, that I could not ſee you on the morning of my departure!....Your ſleeping in my mother's apartment, rendered it impoſſible; and I felt, that although I had been conſtantly with my ſiſter for ſix months, that I had ſtill ſomething to communicate; ſomething to ſay, which would render us leſs unhappy.

At the firſt dawn of day, I left my room.....I pauſed at my mother's door, and

and heard the good dear woman breathe as if ſlumbering ſweetly ;.... and I proceeded to the ſupper room..... the fire ſtill emitted a dull light.....the chairs were placed exactly as we had left them.....I placed myſelf in that of my mother.....The old cat, her favorite, came purring at my feet..... I preſſed the creature in my arms..... A drop of wine remained in the glaſs of our parent; I ſeized it with avidity, and my tears fell into the cup, as I drank the ſacred pledge.

The rattling of a carriage rouſed me.....I threw myſelf into the chaiſe, and was hurled in a ſtate of apathy to Dover.

Farewell, my friend, my ſiſter.

You

You will not, of courſe, ſhew this letter.....I will write again ſoon, and I truſt in better ſpirits; for I am convinced, that yielding too much to the feelings of ſenſibility, unfits a man for the more buſtling ſcenes of life.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR,

York-houſe, Dover.

As I now deſpair of taking you by the hand, I thus bid you an epiſtolary farewell.....And, in truth I did not expect to ſee you, as I know, by fatal experience, how difficult it is to goad on men of buſineſs.

I am glad to find, that the prodigal ſon betrays ſome regret at parting with his hereditary property.

One muſt, indeed, be an unfeeling wretch, not to be affected by the attach-

attachment of the honeſt ruſtics you deſcribe.

I believe the common people of North Britain to be infinitely the moſt reſpectable of the three kingdoms;.... they are ſober, œconomical, and perſevering;....and we know, that their Highlands produce the beſt troops we ſend into the field:....they are the only ſoldiers, I am acquainted with, who are not ſpoiled by the poſſeſſion of money....A few guineas render an Engliſhman or Iriſhman totally unfit for duty;....they are unhappy, till an opportunity occurs to diveſt themſelves of it; and if a poſſibility of procuring ſpirituous liquors exiſts, no terrors, no puniſhment, will prevent their being in a conſtant ſtate of intoxication till their funds are expended.....A Scots Highlander, on the contrary,

trary, remits all the pay that he can ſave, to his family; and his diſburſements are ſo very liberal, that his officer compels him to reſerve, for his own ſubſiſtence, ſums which he would otherwiſe ſend to his home.

To your friend, Mr. Harris, I have already many obligations; and as I am at preſent the only officer here, he inſiſts on my dining with him as often as my duty will permit.....I am the more inclined to accept of this invitation, as I am rather low-ſpirited, at parting with a moſt reſpectable parent and beloved ſiſter.....You ſmile; yet, were you to ſee this ſiſter, you would confeſs I have reaſon to lament a ſeparation :....but I knew your general opinion of the ſex, too well, to introduce ſuch a reprobate to ſo innocent and charming a girl.

I ſhall embark, at Deal, with the flank companies, and join the fleet at St. Helen's.

On inſpecting ſome of my trunks, I find, that my good friends have packed me up as much bark as would compleatly tan my whole hide, as an antidote to the yellow fever; but as my conſtitution is pretty good, I ſhall uſe no other precaution than that of drinking rather more freely than when in England.

God bleſs you, my dear fellow :.... beware of Pharo ;....and do not neglect your uncle's propoſals.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

York-houſe, Dover.

IT is ſtill uncertain when I am to embark; and I have moſt fortunately met with a French gentleman here, to whom I had once the happineſs of rendering a ſervice, which he calls moſt important.

He has ſome conſiderable property in the Weſt-Indies, which he means, if poſſible, to diſpoſe of.....he goes out in a moſt commodious veſſel, of which he is a part owner; and means

to take the benefit of our convoy..... he offers me part of the very ample accommodations on board her; and I have applied for leave to accept of the propofal, for nothing is more unpleafant than a crowded tranfport.

I have to communicate a melancholy tale, which, to you, whofe bofom feels for the misfortunes of all, will be doubly diftreffing, as the poor fufferer was formerly your own fervant.

You will recollect, that Mary Barnes left your fervice, in confequence of being married to a corporal of my company, who was recruiting near us in the country..... The fellow proved a very bad hufband, and the poor girl was obliged, though incumbered with one child, and likely

foon

ſoon to have another, to reſide with her parents at Norwich.....Yet accidentally hearing, that her faithleſs helpmate was going abroad, her love overcame every other conſideration; and, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of her friends, ſhe ſet out, with her child, to embrace him before he embarked, and to endeavour to prevail on him to conſent to her accompanying him.

Furniſhed with a very ſcanty ſtock of caſh, ſhe, of courſe, was obliged to undertake the journey on foot.

After aſtoniſhing fatigue, ſhe at length arrived near this coaſt; and in the evening of yeſterday, reached a hamlet, a few miles diſtant from this place.

The night was dark.....the wind high and chilling ;....and the rain fell in continued ſhowers ;....the church clock ſtruck ten, as the poor weather-beaten wanderer entered the village......Anxiouſly, ſhe ſurveyed the ſurrounding cottages ;....not a light appeared, to cheer her ſinking ſpirits.....The ſons of toil had early retired to that bliſful repoſe, which their labours through the day had enſured them.....no taper indicated, by its glimmering ray, the probability of any aſſiſtance :....Mary preſſed her infant to her heart ;.... its icy lips but too plainly indicated the neceſſity of procuring ſome ſuccour ;....and ſhe proceeded in her doubtful ſearch.

A goodly building ſoon after appeared ;....Mary aſſured herſelf it was

was the refidence of the clergyman, from its vicinity to the church.

Thick volumes of fmoke rolled from every chimney; and an odour, that announced the moft favoury preparations, iffued from the kitchen.

"Here," faid the diftreffed traveller, "I will venture to apply.....Where "better can I addrefs myfelf than to "the minifter of that Power, whofe "moft glorious attribute is mercy..... "Surely the fervant of fuch a Mafter, "cannot want charity;......he will "compaffionate my fufferings, and "relieve my wants."....She grafped the knocker.....hefitated.....and relinquifhed her hold.....Then gazed on the babe in her arms.....and ftruck the door.

Mr. Wadingdown had juſt diveſted himſelf of that neceſſary appendage of ſacerdotal dignity, a full-blown cauliflower wig; and ſubſtituted for it a cotton night-cap, orthodoxly bound with a purple ribbon.....his knees were unbuttoned, to allow free circulation;.....and his feet repoſed in a pair of black Turkey ſlippers.

On the ſupper table were diſplayed a brace of woodcocks, a cold pie, and a collar of Canterbury brawn.

Already had the worthy prieſt tucked up his napkin under his chin .....twice had he ſurveyed the toaſt, under the birds, and examined the edge of his knife.....Mrs. Primly, his houſe-keeper, after ſuperintending the preparation of the repaſt, had drawn in her chair, to partake of it..... when

when a rap at the door diſturbed the ſnug tete-a-tete; and Betty, the maid of all work, haſtily entering, declared, that a young woman wiſhed to ſpeak to his reverence.

"I have nothing to ſay to young "women, at theſe late hours," ſaid he; "ſhew her out."

"But ſhe has a bundle," ſaid Betty.

"Indeed!....Why then it muſt be "ſome preſent.....Perhaps the turkey "the doctor promiſed to ſend me."

"How lucky!" exclaimed Mrs. Primly; "it will anſwer for your "grand dinner on Thurſday, to a t."

"It muſt be ſo," ſaid Mr. Wading-down; "give the poor woman a

 "draught

"draught of ale, and then defire her
"to walk in."

Mary timidly obeyed, with trembling fteps.....Her infant was carefully wrapt up in her cloak; and, as a farther fecurity againft the weather, fhe had covered it with a handkerchief.

"You appear to be weary, young
"wom:n," faid the divine.

"'Tis true, indeed, fir," fhe returned; "I am hardly able to fuftain the
"weight of my burthen."

"Ay? then it muft be a very fine
"one indeed.....But I know the doc-
"tor is remarkable for his knowledge
"in thefe matters.....What! fed upon
"chefnuts, I fuppofe!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!" ſaid Mary, with aſtoniſhment.

"Nay, nay, my girl.....'tis no "ſecret.....the method of cramming "is known to all the world.....You "begin the firſt day with one, the "next increaſe it to two, and ſo on.... "Ah! is it not ſo?....but come," added he, affixing his ſpectacles on his noſe, "let me ſee it.....let me "ſee it."

The poor woman advanced; and preſented.....her babe!

"Merciful Judge!" cried the worthy parſon; "why, 'tis not a "turkey!....As I hope for ſalvation, "'tis a child.....Some baſtard.....and "and you, ſhameleſs proſtitute,....how "dare you diſturb families at theſe

 "hours!.....

" hours ?.....Away !.....To the door, " this inftant !"

" Oh ! fir," faid the wretched mother, falling on her knees ; " for the " love of God, permit me to find " fhelter in fome one of your out- " houfes !.....Pity this innocent fuf- " ferer !"

" What !" returned the prieft, " audacious wretch !.....fhall a whore " be lodged under the roof of a man " of my cloth ?"

" I am no proftitute," faid Mary.

" Away !....this moment !....Betty," faid he, " how dared you to introduce " this woman, and tell me fhe had " a parcel for me ?"

" It was impoſſible for me," replied the girl, " to know what ſhe had in her " arms; and I am ſure, had it been " a turkey, ſhe could not have taken " more care of it."

" Turn her out, this moment," ſaid her maſter; " the birds are cold " .....the toaſt abſolutely deſtroyed..... " Do, Mrs. Primly, hold the wood- " cocks to the fire, till I have expelled " this ſaucy baggage."

So ſaying, he raiſed the fainting Mary; and, with an athletic graſp, he puſhed her from the door, which he carefully bolted, and returned to ſupper.

Abſorbed in grief, the miſerable outcaſt tottered a few paces from the houſe, and reſted herſelf awhile on a ſtone

a ſtone bench, which was in front of a ſmall cottage.

For ſome time ſhe remained there, ruminating on her diſtreſſes; but the rain, which poured from the ſloping thatch, allowed her little time to reſt her tired limbs.....She found it neceſſary to exert herſelf; and ſhe again ſet out, to find ſome ſhed, or barn, that might afford her an aſylum for the night.

With a courage, which nothing but her parental feelings could inſpire, ſhe examined each building, as ſhe paſſed it, but in vain.....One houſe, indeed, which had the appearance of that of an opulent farmer, ſeemed ſurrounded with out-houſes, which would have anſwered her purpoſe; but no ſooner had ſhe moved the gate,

gate, in order to enter the yard, than a maſtiff, fiercely darting from his kennel, flew at the trembling woman, and ſeized firmly in his teeth the bottom of her gown; yet dreading every thing for her infant, with an effort of deſperation, ſhe diſengaged herſelf from the ravenous animal, leaving, however, a conſiderable remnant of her dreſs in his teeth.

Nothing could have been more ſerviceable than the cup of ale, which the humane prieſt had ordered her, when he ſuppoſed her the bearer of a preſent.....It enabled her to proſecute her journey, and bear a fatigue, which ſhe muſt otherwiſe have ſunk under.

She now determined to leave the village, and to lie down under the firſt

firſt hedge, which would yield a covering from the wet.

She had not proceeded far, before ſhe perceived a light at ſome diſtance.....As ſhe approached, ſhe ſaw it was a fire, a few paces from the road, round which, a groupe of men and women were cloſely huddled together.

At another time, this would have been cauſe for alarm; but now, it held out the moſt flattering hopes of relief.

Haſtening, therefore, as much as ſhe was able, to the ſpot, ſhe found the party belonged to that merry travelling horde, commonly called *gypſies*, who, like the Tartars, for ever live in a kind of flying camp, and.

and, like them alſo, occaſionally lay the country under contribution.

The jovial party were preparing their ſupper.....A huge iron pot, ſuſpended over a very large fire, ſeemed to promiſe an ample meal.....A tattered ſail, ſpread over ſome ſtakes, which were affixed in the ground, formed a tolerable ſhelter from the weather; and under it, on an empty ſack, which ſerved for a table-cloth, were diſplayed a great leathern bottle, half a cheeſe, and ſeveral pieces of ſtale bread.....One tin can, and a pitcher of water, compleated the ſide-board.

Undaunted by the uncouth appearance of theſe people, Mary boldly advanced; and addreſſing herſelf to a man, whoſe years and appearance

ſeemed

ſeemed to allow him an authority over the reſt:

"Pardon," ſaid ſhe, "the intruſion "of a ſtranger, who, periſhing with "cold, and dying with apprehenſion "for her infant, implores permiſſion "to warm herſelf at your fire."

"Welcome, welcome," ſaid the old man; "place yourſelf by me, "and partake of our repaſt.....You "ſhall find our hearts are warm to "the diſtreſſes of the wretched; "and that from us the rich may take "a leſſon of hoſpitality.....Here," ſaid he, perceiving ſhe was faint, "drink this cordial," (which he poured from a ſmall dram-bottle, he took from his pocket) "and then tell "us, why you left the village at ſo "late an hour?"

It

It was at this moment that I arrived .....Two ſoldiers had that morning deſerted, with ſome regimental property.....I had purſued them, but ineffectually; and thinking that theſe people could give me, perhaps, ſome intelligence of the runaways, I ſtopped the chaiſe, and went to make the neceſſary enquiries.

Mary inſtantly knew me, and told me whither ſhe was going......I conveyed her to the carriage; and, on my arrival here, ſent for proper aſſiſtance.

But her conſtitution, little adapted to ſo many fatigues, had ſuſtained an injury beyond the power of medicine to repair; and ſhe expired the following morning.

You

You will cenſure me, perhaps, for treating this ſubject, in ſome reſpects, ludicrouſly; but as theſe paſſages ſerve to diſplay the inhumanity of the glutton, I could not prevail on myſelf to ſuppreſs them.....I have, however, the ſatisfaction to ſay, that this monſter will be obliged to leave the country, as his ſervant has made the ſtory public.

A moſt worthy clergyman, who reſides near Hythe, has taken Mary's infant, and means to provide for it, unleſs the father ſhould, on his return from abroad, chuſe to claim him.

Heaven preſerve you, my deareſt ſiſter !....comfort and cheer our mother .....and think ſometimes of

Charles Colville.

P. S. I

P. S. I have this moment received permiſſion to accompany the Marquis de Chambord in his own veſſel.

LETTER

[library stamp]

LETTER XV.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

Dunkirk.

BE not alarmed, my dearest Julia, at what I am about to tell you .....I am a prisoner at Dunkirk.

Thus, you see, I have escaped the horrors of a West-India campaign.

My mother and you ought to regard this as a fortunate accident; though captivity, of all events, is the most grating to the feelings of a soldier; and notwithstanding I had the sanction of

of the commanding officer, for embarking with my friend, yet I by no means feel eafy under thefe circumftances, and am very forry I did not reflect on the poffibility of being captured.

As foon as the veffel had arrived in the Downs, the Marquis de Chambord and I went on board.

The wind was very low, and the weather fo hazy, that it was propofed to anchor; but the fear of miffing the convoy, urged the captain to proceed.

We had not been above two hours, at fea, when a total calm fucceeded, attended by fo thick a fog, that nothing was to be difcerned at the diftance of half a foot.

Lights

Lights were hung in different parts of the ſhip, and every neceſſary precaution taken to prevent our being boarded by any other veſſel.....This we found we had often very narrowly eſcaped, as we frequently heard the beating of drums very near us.

The boat was now ordered out; and we were towed along, in perfect darkneſs.

We had not proceeded far, ere a band of muſic was heard, apparently belonging to ſome ſhip, which, as we did not know how to avoid, we continued to approach; and ſoon diſtinctly found it was a military band.

The Marquis, running to me, with horror declared, that the airs they were performing, were ſome of thoſe

ſongs, compoſed for the purpoſe of exciting the frenzied paſſions of a deluded people.

"We are loſt," ſaid he, "a *fuſil-* "*lade* will ſoon terminate my career."

I urged him not to deſpair; but inſtantly to commit, to the deep, every thing that could detect him; and adviſed him to paſs himſelf for an Engliſh merchant.

This, as he had ſome, though very little, knowledge of our language, he immediately aſſured me he would attempt; and, in a moment, from the deepeſt deſpondency, he became gay, and told me, he was aſſured that he ſhould not be known for a Frenchman.

He then began to chatter a language of his own, interfperfed with *God dams* at every other word, with fuch volubility, that I could not forbear laughing.

We now loft the found of the mufic; but, in a moment after, it became louder than ever.

We then requefted the mafter to fteer upon another tack; but the moment he hailed the men in the boat, we were faluted by a four-and-twenty pounder, which foon convinced us of our proximity to the enemy.

We were now ordered to ftrike our colours, and fhew our lights.....It would have been ridiculous to attempt refiftance; and well it was we did not, for a French officer coming on board, he

he informed us we were clofe along-fide a thirty-fix gun national frigate.

After fecuring our arms, and put-ing the failors below hatches, a fuffi-cient number of hands were put on board us, and the fog clearing away, with a frefh breeze, in a few hours we were fafely landed at Dunkirk.

Luckily for my friend, the Marquis, (now *Mr. Brown)* his coftume is quite Englifh, and his complexion fair, with a pair of fhoulders that would not difgrace an Hibernian.

I trembled for him on landing, as he very much overacted his part; but he was unnoticed.

We are told, that tomorrow we are to march for Paris.....A moft fortunate

circum-

circumſtance for my friend, as half the town here is Engliſh, and he would ſoon be diſcovered.

We are treated with humanity, and attention.

I took the liberty to ſend for Mr. C****, an Engliſh gentleman, who has long been ſettled here, in the wine trade.....I obtained permiſſion to ſee him without difficulty, as I ſaid I wanted to draw for money.....The hopes of freſh plunder, were, no doubt the reaſon of my guards procuring pens and paper with alacrity.

Mr. C. has the goodneſs to ſay, he will convey this to you in ſafety; and to his care, only, would I confide it, as the life of my friend might be endangered by the miſcarriage.

You

You ſhall hear from me as often as opportunities occur ;.......but theſe, perhaps, will not be very frequent.

In the mean time, give my duty to my mother, and aſſure her, I am very well, and have arranged a method of receiving pecuniary ſupplies, which cannot fail.

Adieu, *ma ſoeur je t'embraſſe de tout mon coeur.*

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER XVI.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Grosvenor-street, London.

My dear friend,

YOU must permit me to congratulate, instead of condoling with, you, on what you call a most unlucky accident.

Surely your military character cannot, in the slightest degree, suffer from an event, you could not foresee; and, as this is the case, I must say, I am heartily rejoiced at an occurrence, which

which has refcued you from a fhore, whence *no traveller returns*; at leaft, not without the facrifice of his health.

You are now in a country, but a few years paft the very center of gaiety and pleafure.....*The age of chivalry* may be *paft*; but, furely, France is not fo much metamorphofed, as not to yield fome enjoyments to a young man of your figure.

I am told, on the contrary, that public amufements are now more the rage than ever at Paris; and that as to women, it is a perfect Mahometan Paradife.

I fhould have particular fatisfaction, in revifiting a country, that has experienced fo wonderful a revolution;

 and

and was there a peace, would immediately take a trip thither.

I have at laſt turned all my timber into currency, paid off my debts of honour, and am now in London, with a full purſe, and in high ſpirits.....But aware that this would not long ſupport the frequent applications I make to it, I begged my uncle to introduce me to the lady, he had mentioned.

With this he directly complied; and after giving proper notice to the cit, her father, we yeſterday paid our viſit to the family, who are now at Richmond.

I was moſt agreeably ſurpriſed to find, that Miſs Demeſey is really not abſolutely ugly.....I had fancied a creature horribly deformed, and ſo dif-

difgufting in other refpects, as not to be feen without abhorrence.....when, on the contrary, I found a little fubfy wench of eighteen; moft whimfically dreffed *en bergere*.....not indeed a perfect copy of the graces, but with a glow of health in her cheeks, which rendered her far from being *rebutante*.

Her father, an honeft cornfactor, eyed me very keenly on my introduction, and endeavoured to find, by my countenance, my opinion of the lady.

So far all was well; and I began to think that I ought to commence my attack immediately; but, unfortunately, a converfation enfued, in which fhe difplayed fuch volubility, uttered fo many vulgarifms, and evinced fo ftrong a predilection for the

the faſhionable amuſements of the town, that I actually believe the girl would have the aſſurance to expect that ſhe might throw away a part of her own fortune.....In this, however, with the exceptions of a ſmall ſum for pin-money, I would take care ſhe ſhould be diſappointed.

Her clack had ſcarcely ceaſed, when, by way of ſhewing her off to advantage, her father deſired her to give us a ſpecimen of her muſical talents.

You know, Charles, how much I admire all Pleyel's compoſitions; and will, therefore, give me credit for ſitting quietly for an hour, to hear him murdered in the moſt barbarous manner.... The contortions of Miſs's body kept time with the execrable rapidity of her fingers;

fingers; and I had an opportunity of obſerving, that there was ſome little variety in her ſhape, which I had not before noticed.....one ſhoulder being conſiderably higher than the other.

She then indulged us with one of the Banti's favorite airs, in a tone, that would have done credit to a vender of ſprats; and was continuing thus to torment us, when my uncle, tired to death, in ſpite of all his politeneſs and etiquette, was obliged to pull out his watch, declare an engagement, and order the carriage.

An acquaintance of mine aſſerts, that a man who plays ill on the fiddle, is guilty of manſlaughter.....This I think rather ſevere; but what muſt be the fate of that man, whoſe wife, with the voice of a demon, fancies

F 6 ſh

ſhe can ſing !....However, in ſpite of all this, I ſhall not give up the buſineſs; but endeavour to reconcile myſelf to the pill, as it is tolerably well gilt.

Farewell, my dear Charles.....I ſend this without direction, to the care of Mr. Harris; as he may find out ſome opportunity of conveying it to you..... I have alſo directed him to honour any bill you may draw; and as he is well known on the continent, you will, perhaps, find it a more convenient method of being ſupplied :....And if you heſitate to make uſe of my riches while they laſt, I ſhall think you no longer conſider me as

Your friend,

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER XVII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR,

Paris.

AFTER a moſt fatiguing march of ten days, behold me, at laſt, at Paris.

The good republicans, at Dunkirk, ſuffered us to ſet off with all our cloaths on our backs; and even allowed us to retain a ſmall portion of our caſh :....but as we advanced, on the relief of our eſcort, our new friends conſtantly began a new ſearch, and

and took away ſomething; ſo that, before we had marched twenty miles, we were moſt compleatly plundered; ....even our hats were taken from us.

I had the good fortune to ſave a night-cap, which I found a moſt comfortable ſubſtitute.....My friend, *Mr. Brown*, was ſupplied with a ſtraw hat, by an Engliſh ſailor; and, thus equipped, we were paraded on the Grande Place of Liſle, for the entertainment of the inhabitants and garriſon.

The commanding officer of the fourth demi-brigade, perceiving, by my uniform, that I was an officer, and being informed of my rank, he appeared at firſt to doubt it, as I had no epaulettes; but on my informing him, by what means I had been deprived of them,

them, he appeared much hurt at the treatment I had received from his countrymen; and desired his aid de camp to take me to the general's quarters. This person, who, from his politeness, seemed to have been an officer of the antient *regime*, offered me some refreshment; and desired me to await the arrival of the general, in the anti-chamber.

The *great man* shortly after arrived, attended by a very numerous suite; and, on seeing me, asked who I was? and how I came there?....The aid de camp attempted to explain my situation; but no sooner did he hear that I was an Englishman, than reprimanding him in very rough terms, he ordered me to be conveyed to the citadel; repeating "a la citadelle! a la citadelle!" till I was out of his presence.

On

On my arrival at that fortrefs, I found my friend fcraping an Englifh country dance, on a miferable fiddle, to the delighted foldiers of our guard; who were dancing with the greateft glee.

I perceived, alfo, that *Mr. Brown* had profited by his talents, as on the table lay fome *pain d' ammunition*, a bit of Dutch cheefe, and a bottle of *bierre de mars*.....he appeared to have forgotten entirely his fituation, and to have entered quite into the fpirit of the ball.

Happy Frenchmen! who, like you, can filence the voice of reafon? and banifh every care, by expelling reflection?

A ferjeant entered, with three bottles of wine, which he had brought from

from the aid de camp, who expreſſed his regret at not having it in his power to be of ſervice to me; and requeſted my acceptance of them.

I felt the force of this attention the more ſenſibly, as it formed a ſtriking contraſt to the behaviour of the general; and I was rejoiced to find, that there ſtill remained, in France, ſome minds uncontaminated by republican barbarity.

As I could not add to the entertainment of the evening, by playing on the violin, and was in no ſpirits for dancing, I produced my preſent; and the *flacons* were ſoon gaily emptied.

On the following day, we recommenced our march, at the opening of the

the gates, and arrived here, without any very remarkable occurrence.

We found, that the greater the diftance from the coaft, the more lenity we experienced.

We were, indeed, in a ftate of ftarvation; but of this we could hardly complain, as our conductors were in little better plight; and we, fometimes, had the good fortune to procure from the inhabitants of the towns we paffed, a piece of bread, and a tumbler of *vin du pays*.....This, however, was never the cafe, when any of the foldiers were near us; for the moment they appeared, we were faluted with the epithet of *chien d'Anglois*, &c. &c. and defired to march on.

Unhappy people! who fervilely fubmit to the tyranny of barbarous defpots,

despots, and suppress the best feelings of the heart, in compliance to the will of a murderous horde of self-created rulers !....May the day soon arrive, when, bursting the fetters of anarchy, you may behold the gory demon of destruction writhing in her expiring torments, and crushing in her fall her own progeny, the sanguinary monsters of regicide !

Bon soir, it may be long before I am enabled to send this ;....but I shall continue to write, and add to it, and then transmit you my packet.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

Paris.

BY the kindneſs of your friend, Mr. Harris, your letter reached me; and you will find, that I have given you *a convincing proof* of my friendſhip, by drawing on you for one hundred and fifty pounds.

I am glad that you have not abandoned all thoughts of the heireſs; and think, you may well permit her to ſing a little out of tune, if ſhe is content to let you diſpoſe of her fortune.

Paris is no longer the enviable metropolis, you formerly knew it;.... no more the emporium of tafte and elegance.....It is certain, that it ftill is fufficiently diffipated; but its pleafures are no longer refinements.

The moft devoted voluptuary formerly found it neceffary to affume the appearance of fentiment, even if it was a ftranger to the heart.....Wit went hand in hand with love; and their *petit foupes* had the advantage of yielding pleafure, both to the mind and fenfes.....But now, all is grofs enjoyment, without even decency to render it *appetifant*.

The Parifian ladies feem to have experienced fo thorough a change, that they no longer confider modefty, and

and feminine gentlenefs, the amiable attributes of the fex.

In fhort, the wheel has fo compleatly revolved, that the race of gentry is totally extinct ;.....even their dependants have difappeared, with their lords ;.....and a new race, fprung from the dunghills, of wretchednefs and guilt, loll in the feats of the ancient nobility.

To convince you that this is the cafe, I need only tell you, that Brown, though born a Parifian, walks the ftreet without fear of being recognifed ; although he has not been more than feven years abfent from France.

I fhall only adduce one inftance, of the many, that daily occur, to make you deteft, as much as I do, a fyftem

ſyſtem of politics, which ſtifles the voice of nature, and deſtroys the cloſeſt bonds of kindred and affection.

On relinquiſhing France, Mr. Brown left a very conſiderable eſtate in the hands of his ſiſter.....his mother had long been tottering, on the brink of the grave; and her mental faculties were ſo much decayed, that ſhe delegated, to her daughter, the whole management of her property.

No young lady could have acted more prudently than ſhe did; for on receiving a hint, from their *ci-devant* butcher, now a member of council, and profeſſed Jacobin, that the eſtate, being the property of an emigrant, would ſhortly be claimed, as belonging to the nation, ſhe immediately made a profeſſion of her political faith,

faith, and became the happy wife of the butcher, who was well ſatisfied with the acquiſition.

To my friend, this marriage, and his ſiſter's conduct, appeared matters of neceſſity; and, on his arrival here, he wiſhed very much to fly to her houſe, and embrace his dear Roſalie.

It was with the utmoſt difficulty, that I reſtrained his impatience:.... but as we are to be ſent from hence very ſhortly, he, laſt night, reſolved to accompliſh his project.

I offered myſelf as ſecurity for his return; and, with the aid of a few Engliſh guineas, we procured permiſſion for him to amuſe himſelf, unattended, for two hours.

As

As I always regarded this vifit as a moft dangerous experiment, I took care that he fhould not go unarmed; and faw him depart, in the dark of the evening, with the utmoft apprehenfion for the event.

Elated with the hope of embracing a fifter, he tenderly loved, he flew to the Fauxbourgh St. Denis.

A well-dreffed lacquais opened the gate; and he was conducted through a handfome fuite of apartments, into an elegantly furnifhed faloon.

He viewed the richnefs of the room, and exulted at the good fortune of Rofalie, who had weathered, in fafety, a ftorm, which had defolated half the chateaux and hotels in France.

His ſiſter was in her chamber; and he was deſired to await, while the ſervant went to apprize his miſtreſs of his arrival.

Meantime, poor Brown paced the room, impatient for the interview; pourtraying to his imagination, her ſurpriſe and ecstacy, at ſeeing him; and even fearing, that the ſudden joy might operate too powerfully on her nerves.

The citoyenne at laſt made her appearance:.....Brown flew to preſs her in his arms;....ſhe ſtarted back, and ſtared, without recollecting him;.... but no ſooner had he caught her hand, and ſaid, "My deareſt Roſalie! 'tis "your brother!" than, diſengaging herſelf from him, ſhe cried out, with a loud voice, "Heavens! what do I "ſee?

" see?....an emigrant!...,in my houſe!
" ....I ſhall be denounced!....ruined!"

Then making an effort to call the ſervants, my friend ſeized her arm, and putting a piſtol to her head, "Baſe, unfeeling wretch!" ſaid he; "utter a ſyllable more, and you "die!"

She turned pale, and trembled.

"Take," added he, "a bougie; "light me to the ſtairs; and be "aſſured, that the word that betrays "me, terminates your exiſtence!"

She obeyed;....and conducting him to the door, where the ſervants were in waiting, ſhe with difficulty ſtammered out, "*Bon ſoir, citoyen.*"

You may ſuppoſe, that Brown made the beſt of his way off; and, favoured by the darkneſs of the night, he returned to me undiſcovered.

Tomorrow we proceed on our route for Orleans.....A change I by no means diſlike; as the country about it, I am told, is very beautiful.

Continue to write to me; for your friend, Mr. Harris, has ſo many correſpondents and connections in this country, that he will find means to forward your letters.

Vale!

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER XIX.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

YOU are, indeed, a comforter, Emma; and have almoſt reconciled me to the idea of Charles's captivity.

His own letters are, it is true, very conſolatory; but I much fear, that he makes his ſituation appear better than it really is.

How is it poſſible to believe, that the ſavages who have acted ſo many bloody tragedies, are capable of

humanity to an enemy?....a prifoner of war?

Ah! my friend, I read my brother's letters to my mother, and feem to rejoice at their contents; but tremble to think of what may be his fufferings, at the moment he is contriving defcriptions to delude our minds into tranquillity.

But we ought not thus to torment ourfelves, with anticipated evils; and I promife you, for the future, to repofe in confidence on the great Ruler of all events.

Yet, my friend, a misfortune, which has too much reality, begins to terrify me.

You know, that moft part of our property arifes from an eftate in Ireland;

Ireland; and the troubles of the ſiſter kingdom already begin to impede the arrival of our ſupplies.

At my mother's time of life, and with her infirmities, ſhe cannot ſubmit to many privations; nor ſhall ſhe, if the labours of her daughter can prevent it.

How chearfully would I toil, to repel the approach of poverty!....but I fear my feeble efforts will not avail much.

God bleſs you, my dear Emma!.... at leaſt let me know, that you are happy.

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER XX.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Orleans.

WE are now, my deareſt ſiſter, arrived at the end of our journey: and are ſtationed in the moſt beautiful country I ever beheld.

Had not one of the dragoons, our conductors, taken a fancy to my Engliſh boots, and given me, in lieu of them, an old pair of French ones, without ſoles, I might have added, that our itineration was far from being unpleaſant.....but my feet were ſo lacerated, that I could hardly keep

pace

pace with my friend.....however, a few days reſt will remedy ſo ſlight an evil.

We are now on our parole, and are treated with kindneſs, and attention; and, from the freedom we are allowed, it would appear, that theſe republicans only conſider us iſlanders as dangerous when in the vicinity of our natural element, the ſea.

This city, which was one of the moſt opulent in France, has become a rendezvous of half-famiſhed politicians.....the opulent ſugar-boilers, for whoſe ſplendid dinners, the whole country was ranſacked;....who lolled away the hot months of ſummer, in their beautiful villas on the banks of the Loire.....are no longer to be ſeen:.......but all wear the ſemblance of poverty, and

 wretched-

wretchedneſs, even if they have ſaved part of their property from the general wreck, and thus ſecured the *debris* of their fortune.

There was formerly here, a manufactory, which was uncommonly productive, and deſerves, from its ſingularity, to be mentioned.....This was a *manufacture de poulets*, and ſupplied great part of the Paris markets with chickens.....The eggs were placed in little cells, ranged round a ſpacious apartment, and wrapped up in wool; flues communicated an equal and conſtant heat; and, after a proceſs, by no means tedious, the birds were hatched.....But the moſt difficult part of the buſineſs, was to rear the infant brood, after it left the native ſhell..... In this, the ſlighteſt neglect was fatal, and they frequently experienced great loſſes.

loſſes.....Yet you will believe they generally ſucceeded pretty well, if you credit what they aſſured me was a fact, that ſix thouſand chickens were generally ſent in ten months to the metropolis.

Nothing can excel the beauty of the environs of Orleans.....*Les coteaux d'olivet*, and the banks of the river, are enchanting.

Within a few miles from hence, is a delightful ſeat, where formerly reſided Lord Bolingbroke :.....it is called *La Source*, from its containing, in the garden, a ſmall baſon, whence iſſues a very copious ſpring, which forms the river *Loiret*.....Here, my friend and I frequently walk, and almoſt forget our chains, in the contemplation of ſo much beauty.

If I knew how to defcribe female drefs technically, I would give you fome defcription of the fafhions of the citoyennes ;....but as I do not, you muft be fatisfied in being told, they are half naked.

The beaux are the ftrangeft figures I ever beheld :.....A cropt head of hair, *a la Titus*, an immenfe neck handkerchief, long riding coat, pantaloons, and a fmall round hat ;......thus equipped, they are ftyled the *brillante jeuneffe*.

Write to me, under cover to Mr. Harris, at Dover.

Affure my mother of my duty and affection ; and rely on the fincere efteem of

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER XXI.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

IF ſuch are the ſons of liberty, may I ever live in the dominions of deſpotiſm!

Will you believe me, my friend, for the laſt four days of our march, we ſubſiſted entirely on horſe-beans, and what wild fruit we found on our way.

I had equipped myſelf, with every neceſſary article of dreſs, at Paris; and

and the villains have again ſtripped me.....My coat, even, did not eſcape their rapacity; and a dragoon had the aſſurance to take away my boots.

Fainting with fatigue, and the wounds of my feet, which were covered with duſt and blood, I ſhould have expired, on the highway, without even the conſolation of leaving a friend, who would have placed a *ſiſte viator* over my remains, had not an huſſar, with great humanity taken me *en croupe*, in ſpite of the threats of the ſerjeant, who commanded the party.

This man was born a ſoldier, his father having long ſerved in the regiment of *meſtre de camp dragoons*; and he frankly confeſſed, that, at the revolution, untaught in any buſineſs but

but that of his profeffion, neceffity obliged him to ferve with the republicans; and many others of his comrades, he affured me, were in the fame predicament.

As we proceeded through the foreft of Orleans, the huffar pointed out the ruins of a chateau, of which, however, there ftill remained enough to judge of its former magnificence.

"There," faid he, "once lived a "man, who was an ornament to his "country;....a general, whofe pride, "was the love of his foldiers, and "who fell a facrifice to the impetuous "impulfe of generous indignation.

"Twenty years ago, the diligence, "between Paris and Orleans, was "ftopped in the foreft, and the

"paf-

" paſſengers were robbed of whatever
" property they had about them....But
" the booty was trifling, and the
" plunderers, contrary to the uſual
" cuſtom of highwaymen, in this
" country, did not offer the ſmalleſt
" violence to any individual.

" Strict ſearch was ſoon made for
" the robbers.....Troops of *mare-*
" *chauſſe* arrived ;.....armed peaſants
" were placed round the outſkirts of
" the wood ;.....and, at laſt, one man
" was taken, who, being put to the
" queſtion *ordinaire* and *extraordinaire*,
" confeſſed, not only that robbery,
" but that he had pillaged a carriage
" ſome days before.

" He was ſentenced to be racked
" on the wheel ; and in order to ex-
" hibit an example of the ſeverity
" of

" of the laws, he was to receive part
" of the puniſhment where he had
" ſtopped the diligence, and part
" where he had robbed the chaiſe.

" The ſentence was, with all the
" attendant circumſtances of cruelty,
" put into execution :.....and the
" wretched culprit, with his arms
" and wriſts broken, was placed with
" his confeſſor in a cart, to proceed
" to the ſpot, where he was to ſuffer
" the remainder of his puniſhment.

" The day was very ſultry, and
" the *marechauſſe*, who attended him,
" ſtopped to drink at a ſmall cabaret,
" on the road.

" The cart ſtill went on; and
" the ſoldiers did not appear.

'Father !'

"'Father!' ſaid the agonizing diſ-
" located plunderer, 'what a moment
' is this, to effect my eſcape!.....we
' are now in the midſt of the foreſt:
'.....a few minutes would hide me
' effectually from the ſearch of the
' ſoldiers;.....and, if you did not pre-
' vent me, I might ſtill prolong an
' exiſtence, every day of which ſhall
' be paſſed in repentance, and in
' prayer for you.'

'Son,' replied the capuchin, 'we
' are the guardians of the ſoul;....the
' care of your perſon belongs not to
' me;....nor will I impede your flight.'

" In a moment, the poor creature
" ſeemed animated with renewed
" vigour.....He ſprang out of the
" cart, and quickly diſappeared among
" the tufted buſhes of the wood.

" The

" The efcort arrived ;....they found
" the prifoner had efcaped ;.....and,
" in the firft tranfports of their rage,
" were about to put the monk to
" death :.....but, on reflection, they
" contented themfelves by binding
" him hand and foot.

" Some gallopped to their neareft
" poft for orders,.....while others darted
" into the foreft, but were foon
" checked by the clofe intervening
" branches.

" Several of their comrades now
" arrived.....Every avenue, every per-
" vious part, was examined ;.....but
" night approached, fecurely veiled
" the delinquent from their fearch,
" and rendered all their labour of no
" avail.

" Two days after this, the game-
" keeper of the Marquis de Belloi,
" whose house I just now shewed you,
" waited on his lord in his library;
" and, after producing some phea-
" sants he had shot,

' This, monsiegneur,' said he, ' is
' not all :.....I have found a famous
' jack hare on his seat; and have
' secured my prey.'

" The marquis looked for an ex-
" planation.

' Your lordship remembers having
' heard of the robber who escaped,
' of course,.....my dogs are rather
' keener scented than the blood-
' hounds of justice,.....I have this day
' discovered him.'

' Where

' Where is the unhappy man ?' " inquired the marquis ; ' have you ' adminiftered fome cordial refrefh- ' ment to the poor creature ?.....Is he ' in a place of fafety.'

' Oh, do not doubt it, my lord,' " replied the villain ; ' he is perfectly ' fafe.....and faft bound behind the ' cavalier to whom I delivered him.'

' What do I hear ?' " faid the no- " bleman, in a paroxifm of rage and " aftonifhment.....' Inftead of fuc- ' couring an unfortunate, who had ' already, by what he had fuffered, ' expiated all his crimes;.....you have ' betrayed him into the hands of ' his tormentors !'

' I have delivered him to juftice,' " faid the fellow; ' he did not deferve ' to live.'

' Nor

'Nor doſt thou, vile aſſaſſin,' "re-
" plied the marquis;.....' Periſh then,
' monſter!.....and receive a death,
' too good for ſuch a miſcreant!'

" Saying this, he ſhot him through
" the head.

" This intemperate act, which
" owed its birth to the warm feelings
" of a generous heart, was ſoon
" bruited about, with ſuch diligence,
" that the marquis had only time to
" pack up a few jewels, and fly
" to Italy; where he ſoon after
" died, regretted by all who knew
" him.

" In his regiment, I firſt learnt to
" wield a ſword;....and I have ſince
" learnt to lament the fate of a man,
" who, on every occaſion, approved
" himſelf

"himfelf the father and friend of his "foldiers."

But I have fent you a hiftory, inftead of a letter; and tired both you and myfelf fo much, that it is time to conclude, with the affurance of my eternal friendfhip.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

My dear friend,

I HAD too much reafon to apprehend, that we fhould fuffer by the commotions in Ireland.

A letter from our fteward, has confirmed all our fears. ...One half of our tenants have joined the rebellion; and thofe who ftill remain loyal, are plundered, their houfes burnt, and their ftocks deftroyed.

He

He makes us a paltry remittance..... about the tenth part of what we ought to have received at this period..... recommends œconomy.....and ſays, it is very uncertain when we ſhall again receive any more ſupplies from that unhappy country.

As to myſelf, with youth, and a good conſtitution, this falling off would not in the leaſt affect me;.... but my mother muſt have a thouſand little nameleſs indulgences; and to other articles of the firſt neceſſity, muſt be added, the expence of a phyſician, as her health viſibly declines.

I have this day communicated part of this unpleaſant intelligence to her; when ſhe inſtantly propoſed giving up our carriage, and changing our lodging.

I have, consequently, discharged our job; and shall immediately look out for a small lodging, in a healthful situation;....but I must reform our expences by degrees, that my mother may not too forcibly feel the change.

I have dismissed my own servant; and have also intimated to my mother's woman, the probability, that we shall no longer be in a situation to keep her.

The affectionate creature, on giving her this information, left the room, and returning, with a little box in her hand, said, with tears in her eyes.

"This is filled by the bounty of "my dear mistress, who, during the "twelve years that I have served her, "has deigned to treat me with con- "fidence

" fidence and kindnefs.....Oppreffed " with the accummulated favours I " have experienced, may I be per- " mitted to requeft you will add one " more to them, by making ufe o " the trifle this cafket contains :....and " thus, by rendering me ferviceable " to the exigencies of the family, let " me think that I have not laboured " in vain.....But I will never leave " you.....I will toil.....I will be your " flave.....But never, my dear Mifs " Julia, never again, rack my heart " with the mention of being driven " from your houfe.....Accuftomed to " work of the fineft kind, I may be " ufeful, and, at leaft, will be no ad- " ditional expence to you."

It was impoffible to wound the feelings of the good woman, by per- fifting to difcharge her.....I therefore

returned her little treaſure, aſſuring her, that I was in no immediate need; but would apply to her, when that was the caſe.

She ſeemed ſatisfied with this; and we ſettled our plans of operation.

She is acquainted with ſeveral milliners, and is to procure work for us both ;.....and, if I can thus ſucceed in averting from the reverend head of my honoured parent, the threatening ſtorm, how delightful will be the taſk!

Alas! Emma, how very few, among our opulent friends, are there, who will tender, like this generous ſervant, their purſes, in the hour of neceſſity!

Rank

Rank.....titles.....honours.....and preferment.....may be the attendants of wealth ;.....but *they*, only, know the value and luxury of riches, who, like the humble Kitty, can offer up their gold at the ſhrine of gratitude.

Adieu !.....write ſoon ; for remember, that our funds are not ſo far depreſſed as to ſuffer from paying the poſtage of your letters.

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER XXIII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

AND why, my dearest Julia! this despair?....why do you suffer every little temporary inconvenience to make so deep an impression on your spirits?

Have you, then, forgotten, that you have a friend in Glamorganshire, whose greatest happiness will be to receive you and your respectable parent?....Have you forgot, that I have a husband, who is, indeed, the better part of myself; and sympathizes in every feeling with his Emma?

Do

Do you not recollect, that I told you, we poſſeſſed a little tenement, replete with every comfort; and that your apartments were already fixed on?

Come, then, immediately, and occupy them;....the elaſtic air of the Welſh hills, will reſtore your mother's health:....We will make her a little party every evening; and we have an excellent library, which contains moſt of the beſt French and Italian authors, whom, I know, ſhe delights in.

You and I will ramble over the mountains, free as the goats that browze upon them; or, if the weather will not permit this, you ſhall aſſiſt Henry to compoſe ſermons.

Come, and realize theſe ſcenes of happineſs:....come, without delay, or

my *caro ſpoſa* declares, that although he will not pronounce an anathema againſt you, yet you may tremble at the thunders of the church, if you provoke the diſpleaſure of one of her miniſters.

Your's, if you obey with alacrity,

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Orleans.

YOU will find, my dear Frederick, how dangerous it is to correfpond with an idle man.

Unoccupied by any momentous concern, the mind naturally reverts to thofe fubjects which are deareft to us; and we dwell, with pleafure, on the recollection of thofe friends, from whom we are diftant:......And, as writing is the only communication we can enjoy, it is not furprifing, that we

feel an happinefs in epiftolary converfation, and indulge in it, without mercy, to our correfpondents.

Although I have now a packet by me, that has long awaited an opportunity of conveyance, yet do I thus add to it, as if you received my letters by regular pofts.....But if you are fatigued with the perufal, you have a remedy......Burn them......the lofs will not be irreparable.

I went, laft night, to the theatre, ...The houfe was dreadfully crowded, and exhibited a motley groupe, of gaudy belles, military uniforms, and dirty fans culottes.

No fhow, at Bartholemew fair, had ever a more noify audience; and indeed, the whole entertainment, though

though very appropriate to the company, was the loweſt compoſition of *double entendres*, and buffoonery, it is poſſible to conceive.

Frequent riots interrupted the repreſentation; and the people were only quieted by the muſicians performing ſome national airs, the *marche des Marſellois*, the *reviel du peuple*, &c. and every one joining in the chorus, they formed a din, that muſt have been heard, to form a juſt idea of.

I was very much amuſed, by a fray that happened between two officers of the garriſon;....fro n words, they ſoon proceeded to blows; and a vigorous boxing match enſued, not indeed perfectly conſonant to the rules of Mendoza's academy, but which ended

 by

by the one receiving a bloody noſe, and the other loſing one half of a ſtupendous whiſker, torn from his cheek, and which the victor diſplayed, in token of conqueſt.....All was then accommodated.....the combatants embraced each other moſt fraternally, and the play went on.

How different this, from the behaviour of the officers of the monarchy!

The point of honour was then carried to an exceſs of refinement, that became, in ſome inſtances, the height of cruelty; and many an uſeful ſubject fell, in compliance with an etiquette, which he had not the courage to deſpiſe.

Among other inſtances, the following, I know, to have happened:

A few

A few years before the revolution, two officers of the regiment de Flanders, then in garrifon at Gravelines, had a difpute at the mefs.....They had, that day, indulged in more wine than ufual, in compliment to feveral ftrangers (military men) who had dined with them.

The difputants became extremely warm; and one of them, in a moment of paffion, ftruck the other.....A duel was, of courfe, the confequence of this behaviour.....And (as was always the cafe, when a blow had been given) the death of one of them was regarded as an indifpenfible atonement for the injury.

They fought with the utmoft fury; and were both carried away wounded, to all appearance beyond recovery.

The

The one, however, foon got better, as he had fuffered more from lofs of blood, than the nature of his wound ; but his antagonift remained, for fix months, fufpended between life and death.

At length, he was pronounced convalefcent; but he had been fo feverely wounded, the fword having feparated fome finews and arteries, that he retained only the ufe of one arm :.... of his other limbs, he had no longer any power.

In this ftate, the poor man was fometimes carried out, for the benefit of the air ; and he was often vifited by the officer, with whom he had fought.

But it was foon mentioned, with aftonifhment, at the military coffee-houfe, that the lieutenant ftill exifted. A meet-

A meeting of the corps was agreed on ;.....and *there*, to their eternal disgrace, it was determined, that due satisfaction had not been given ; as both the parties had survived the combat.

This very wise decree, was intimated to the two gentlemen, who were now perfectly reconciled to each other.

There was no resource ;....they must fight again :....Their only point was, how to enable the cripple to defend himself, on a par with the other.

For this purpose, they were both placed in chairs, nearly touching each other :....Two pistols were given them, but one, only, was loaded ;....and they drew lots for them.....they fired.....and the

the poor wounded victim of miſtaken honour, found a period to all his troubles.

Was I obliged to decide, between the two extremes, of carrying thus far the point of honour, or ſettling a diſpute by the more brutal and diſgraceful method of boxing, I ſhould certainly, in ſpite of all the horrors of dueliſm, determine in its favour..... as it is certainly a happineſs, for the independence and order of ſociety, that an inſtrument has been invented, that places every man upon a footing with another, however diminutive his perſon may be; and gentlemen, by adopting this more dangerous mode of ſettling diſputes, have drawn a line, which the commonalty ſeldom infringe.

But

But miſtake me not:....I am far from being an advocate for theſe rencontres:....On the contrary, I think, that eight duels in ten, ariſe either from the ſtupidity, or want of feeling, of the ſeconds.....Yet there is a medium, which, in our ſervice, is always attended to, and obviates either evil.....few men have the courage to ſtem the current of public opinion, but often ſuffer themſelves to be biaſſed by advice, of which they are, at the ſame time, conſcious of the futility; and thus yield, ſervilely, to the voice of the multitude, and become the victims of their own weakneſs.

I ſhall never ceaſe to admire the behaviour of an officer of our regiment, when we were quartered at Charles fort, in Ireland.

The

The place was remote ;.....the weather had been long unfavourable; ......and we had recourſe to the dangerous expedient of play, to beguile the time.

Two very intimate friends were engaged at piquet :....the game was near a cloſe, bets ran very high, and the bye-ſtanders were much intereſted in the deciſion.

A diſpute aroſe on a card :.....It was referred to the lookers-on :.....No one choſe to interfere, in ſo delicate a buſineſs.

The players became heated ; and, at length, one contradicted the other, in the moſt direct and uncivil manner.

No

No ſooner was the fatal word pronounced, than a buz of conſternation was heard.

The officer who had received the inſult, remained motionleſs, doubting what he ought to do.

The offender, conſcious of the impropriety of his conduct, and ſtung with the reflection of having wounded the feelings of his friend, hid his face in the utmoſt anguiſh.

All the young men crowded about, to witneſs the iſſue of ſo unfortunate an affair:....when the aggreſſed gentleman ſtarted up, and addreſſed the company:

"You have heard, gentlemen, the "inſult I have juſt now received;....

"and

"and you all, doubtlefs, fuppofe, I "fhall cut the throat of the offender "....of my friend, who loves me..... "and who, at this moment, fuffers "the extremeft agony!.....No," continued he, fpringing into the other's arms;...."I forgive it, with all my "foul; and requeft my friend to "forget it.....This is the only fatisfaction I require, or *will* receive, from "him:....But," added he, "fhould "there be any gentleman here, who "thinks I thus do wrong, or that my "conduct arifes from any motive "unworthy an officer, I will inftantly "attend him, and my fword fhall "convince him of his error."

Your's, fincerely,

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Edgware-road.

It was not in my power, to anſwer my dear Emma's kind invitation, before this moment; and I will venture to believe, that it is only neceſſary to declare the occaſion of my ſilence, to obtain forgiveneſs.

About twelve months paſt, a ſervant, who had lived with us as footman, married one of the houſe-maids, and ſet up a public-houſe in Bond-ſtreet; where, he perſuaded himſelf, he muſt ſpeedily grow rich.

The

The man's funds were not sufficient to enable him to purchase the stock of the house; but he was allowed a year's credit, provided he could procure security for the payment at the above period.

He applied to my mother, who consented to be his guarantee.

We heard no more of this matter, and supposed every thing had been paid for;....but yesterday, before my mother had risen, I was informed, that a gentleman inquired for her.

I desired he would walk up.

A man entered the room, of that description which is generally termed shabby-genteel; and, with very little preamble, produced a charge of one hundred

hundred and fixty-four pounds, againft my mother.

Nothing could be worfe timed than this demand:....I requefted time, to confider of the bufinefs; but he affured me, that the fervant had failed, and had difappeared; and that he had orders, from the landlord, to apply to us for immediate payment, and to proceed to litigation, on our refufal.

I faw there was no alternative, and, with a heavy heart, produced my notes, and took a receipt;....with the fatisfaction, however, that my mother had not been vexed by the knowledge of fo unlucky an occurrence.

To add to our misfortunes, poor Mrs. Watfon, the fervant I before fpoke to you of, was taken ill, and,

at

at her own requeſt, had been conveyed to a ſiſter, who is married, and lives within ten miles of London.

It was now abſolutely neceſſary to move as ſoon as poſſible; as, in our preſent depreſſed circumſtances, we could not even receive thoſe friends, who formed our little circle.

Our lodgings were diſcharged, and a poſt-chaiſe ordered, as if to go into the country; but our journey ended in Edgware-road;....where we were ſet down, at the apartments I had previouſly hired.

We have taken the firſt floor; and, under the names of Mrs. and Miſs Brown, mean to await, with patience, the iſſue of this unhappy rebellion.

My

My mother charges me to exprefs her thanks, for your very friendly attention; but fhe is too ill to undergo fo long a journey, or to bear a change of climate, at this advanced feafon.

Need I add my own obligations..... Could any thing have endeared you more to me, this kindnefs, to my parent, would certainly have effected it.

I am now the bufieft of mortals..... A little girl of fourteen is our only fervant, but occafionally affifted by the maid of the houfe......The rooms are very fmall, yet we have the advantage of a little garden, which my mother admires, from its yielding her a dry walk.

The point in which I moft regret the abfence of the faithful Watfon, is,

that I muſt now become my own purveyor, and apply, in perſon, for the work ſhe was to have procured me.

Tomorrow I make my firſt application; and dread it as much as a firſt introduction at court.....But theſe apprehenſions are fooliſh, and I will not ſuffer them to obtrude themſelves.

The taſk which I have undertaken, though arduous, is the moſt pleaſing it is poſſible to engage in, as it carries with it its own reward ;....and, if I can but beguile the rigours of declining age, I ſhall be bleſſed indeed.

My brother, when I laſt heard from him, ſeemed well ſatisfied with the treatment he met with.....Moſt happily, he is a ſtranger to our misfortunes.

I will

I will desire him to direct for me, at your house, as he must not know where we are removed to.

Continue, Emma, to love your

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER XXVI.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

CHARLES, you are ſuch a d....d grave fellow, that I ſhall preface this letter by ſaying, of myſelf, exactly what you, I know, will think, when you have read its contents..... that I am in the high road to ruin.....a libertine.....a ſenſeleſs ſpendthrift..... but, at the bottom, a very honeſt fellow.

I hope this *finale* will not cancel the merit of my confeſſion, as it is but fair

fair to ſay ſomething for myſelf, after admitting that I deſerve reproof.

I have been in this centre of diſſipation ever ſince I laſt wrote to you; and have been doing agreeable at the cit's, with the moſt unremitting diligence.....I have even figured away at a city ball, with my charmer; and had become ſo habituated to the diſcordance of her piano forte, that it affected me no more than the grinding of a hand organ.

Every thing was in the beſt train poſſible.....Did I want caſh?.....I had a hundred friends, whoſe purſes were open to me.....Did I wiſh to make a purchaſe?.....My bond was undeniable .....In ſhort, my marriage with Miſs Demeſey was an event, that, in the opniion of the world, was certainly to

 be.....

be.....I alſo perſuaded myſelf of the reality, and began to talk of inveſtments, loans, and ſtocks, with the conſequence of a monied man.

One luckleſs moment has deſtroyed, for ever, the golden dream; and I find it neceſſary to pull in, in good time, as unfortunately there remains no more timber for the axe.

Three days paſt, accompanied by my intended ſpoſa, and an aunt of her's, an amiable virgin of ſixty, in a ſhopping tour, after deranging the œconomy of ſeveral dozen bandboxes, in the city, we drove to Madame Fontanges, whom we found in converſation with a young perſon, whoſe elegant figure, though dreſſed in the plaineſt ſtyle, could not fail of attracting notice;....of her face, we could

we could not immediately judge, as ſhe held a handkerchief to her eyes.

On our entrance, the miſtreſs of the houſe deſired her to withdraw, and wait in an adjoining room.....This was ſaid in a tone, that convinced me, ſhe was a dependant or work-woman; and when ſhe had quitted the apartment, I took the firſt opportunity (that the volubility of the ladies would permit) of inquiring who ſhe was.

" 'Tis only," ſaid the milliner, " a " young woman, who has been apply- " ing for work, which ſhe means to " do at her own lodgings:.....Some " decayed gentlewoman," added ſhe, with an unfeeling ſmile; " but as I " have been a conſiderable loſer, by " truſting dreſſes to people who can-

"not find proper ſecurity, I fear her "application muſt be rejected.....It is "true, ſhe appears even above the "middling claſs, and has a modeſt "air, of dejection :....Sudden loſſes, "ſhe informs me, have obliged "her to ſolicit employment; but "this is the tale of every one of "them, and if it is the caſe, "who knows but her neceſſities "may prompt her to purloin my "goods?.....

"You are very charitable, in your "conjectures, indeed, madam," ſaid I; "will you accept of my ſecurity, "for this unfortunate perſon?"

"Oh! undoubtedly ſhe will," ſaid Miſs Demeſey; "no knight of an-"cient chivalry," added ſhe, with an arch look, "could have offered

"more

" more handſomely, in behalf of a " diſtreſſed damſel."

" Mr. Blair's word," ſaid Fontanges, " is as good as the Bank of " England."

" If ſo," replied I, " be ſo obliging as to indulge her with whatever " articles ſhe may wiſh to have."

" I muſt ſay," joined the aunt, in a ſqueaking voice, " this is the moſt " imprudent meaſure, I ever witneſſed " .....What, ſir! without any knowledge of the perſon, and hardly " ſeeing her, you raſhly undertake to " pay for whatever ſhe may embezzle? " ....Had my brother, the worſhipful " Mr. Demeſey, poſſeſſed no more " caution, he never would have been " the man he is.....It is true, in the

" days of his folly and youth, he " once lent five pounds, to a neigh- " bour of his, a grocer's apprentice; " but from that day to this, never ſaw " a ſhilling of his caſh.....but I tell " him, it was well laid out, in the " purchaſe of experience; for, in " conſequence of this loſs, he made " oath never to lend the value of a " ſixpence, to ſave the life of any " man.....And, let me tell you, ſir, " whoever has not prudence, will be " a beggar themſelves, and alſo in- " volve their connections in ruin." (Here ſhe caſt a moſt ſignificant look at her niece.)

" Well, ma'am," ſaid I, " if it " muſt be ſo, permit me at leaſt to be " ruined in my own way."

And

And ftepping up to Madam Fontanges, I repeated my offers, and gave her my addrefs.

"Well," faid Mifs, "you are a "generous foul; and I think, at "leaft, deferve a fight of your pro-"tegee!"

Had fhe known how charming fhe is, fhe would have facrificed half her fortune to have prevented my feeing her;....but the milliner inftantly complied, and introducing the fair ftranger, "You may now, ma'am," faid fhe, "command any work my "houfe affords.....this gentleman has "obviated all difficulties."

Until this moment, Charles, I had no idea of the effect of real beauty..... fhe lifted her eyes to thank me;....they

were moiftened with tears.....Her look penetrated to my inmoft foul.....I could not forbear taking her hand, and requefted her, in the moft earneft manner, to mention no more of the tranfaction.

She curtfied gracefully, and, repeating her thanks, left the houfe.

Her manner, which at the moment fhe acknowledged a favour, retained all proper dignity.....her elegant addrefs.....the foft tone of her voice .....and the appearance of affliction ;... all this concurred to affure me, fhe was a perfon of family.....was unhappy .....and fixed me her adorer.

I remained a few moments abforbed with the impreffion fhe had made on me, and was only roufed by the ladies, who,

who, having compleated their purchases, told me, they were ready to depart.

Even then, I was so full of the charming vision, that, in carelessly handing Miss Jemima into the carriage, her foot slipped, and she was very near exhibiting those beauties for which the Venus *Callipygos* is celebrated.

On our way home, they both attempted to rally me on my absence .....wished me joy of becoming the protector and friend of the young lady ;....and grinning with a smile of envious hate, protested, that the girl, though a perfect dowdy, and very awkward, was not extremely ugly.

It

It was inconfiftent with the dignity of man, to fit paffive, and hear this. ....I fpoke of her with all the rapturous enthufiafm of a lover.....This was not to be fuffered on their part.....Both ladies opened on me;.....and, as if a film had been removed from my eyes, I faw the vulgar urchin, Mifs Demefey, in all her deformity.

Her head appeared funk beneath her prominent fhoulder, and her mouth feemed wider:.....her aunt (her rheumy eyes flafhing with rage) appeared like a country barber dentift's fhop, difplaying all her rotten fangs in a *ghaftly grin*.

I could no longer fuffer to be boxed up with two fuch furies;....but opening the coach door, I fairly ran off.

And

And let me tell you, Charles, that though you, as a ſoldier, may deſpiſe ſo quick a retreat, there are very few veterans who could ſtand ſuch an infernal croſs fire.

So farewel, ye money bags!..... Adieu, ye projected palaces!.....Ye Utopian dreams!......But a nobler paſſion thrills through every vein..... Love (yes, Charles, I poſitively am in love) ſhall make me amends.....I ſee the little purple-winged god preſent me with the delicious cup....I will quaff the intoxicating draught to its laſt dregs.

Prepare to receive half a dozen letters every poſt;.....but I forget, by the time they reach you, they will probably freight a packet-boat.....*Mais c'eſt egal.*

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

Do you ſuppoſe, Julia, that I ſhall content myſelf with the aſſurances you give me of your eſteem, when you will not permit me to enjoy the ſatisfaction of being ſerviceable to you, or of rendering that little aſſiſtance, which my friendſhip for you gives me a right to inſiſt on your accepting.

Every thing, that could have been projected for your mother's convey-

ance

ence hither, we would have adopted; and, with ſhort ſtages, and the ſober pace, at which we might have travelled (for I certainly would have been your conductor) I think the good lady would not have ſuffered the leaſt injury.

But I ſhall no longer inſiſt on ſeeing you here, at preſent.....If, however, the returning ſpring ſhould invite you to breathe an air more free than that of London, you will, I truſt, remember, that you have apartments in Glamorganſhire, which are ever ready to receive you.

I hope, my lovely Julia, for the ſake of your parent, as well as your friends, you will not ſet out, with too much eagerneſs, in the plan you have traced out for yourſelf.

In

In the profecution of a favorite defign, we are apt to flatter ourfelves, that we poffefs more ftrength and power, than we really do; and efpecially when engaged in the facred labour, of toiling for a beloved parent .....we then fmile at fatigue; and even think it meritorious to undergo that excefs of fuffering, which we ought to avoid;.....but this is only deceiving ourfelves, by a falfe ideal merit; and, if prudence does not accompany every undertaking, we can never fucceed..... Recollect, therefore, my friend, that on your health depends the welfare of her, whom you wifh to ferve.

I have a great deal of chat to communicate; but, at this moment, it appears too trivial to enter upon, after the fubject we have touched on.

Had

Had I not been acquainted with you ſo long, the chearfulneſs with which you have met the loſs of fortune, and your pious and filial behaviour, would abſorb every other idea in admiration.

My Henry deſires you will conſider us as your bankers; and directs me to ſay, your making uſe of us, in that way, is the only ſatisfaction you can make, for not coming to our cottage.

In the mean time, make me happy by accepting the encloſed bill; or remember, that your refuſal will ſo deeply wound, as to be conſidered an irreparable injury, by

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Orleans.

BY an American gentleman, who is on his way to Blois, I received your last letter.....I opened it with the most eager pleasure; but cannot say, its contents gave me satisfaction.

You say, indeed, extremely well, that you are in the high road to ruin.... But why a reasonable creature will, with his eyes open, plunge into a gulf of destruction, and exclaim, ' I shall ' sink

'sink for ever!' is more than I have philosophy to account for.

As to the epithets, with which you are pleased to burthen yourself, perhaps I may subscribe to some ;.....but pray, by what right do you arrogate to yourself that of an honest fellow?

Is it, because you have planned the destruction of a beautiful female?..... and calmly meditate her downfal?.... is it, because she appeared to be distressed, and that her necessities had compelled her to experience the rebuffs of unfeeling vulgarity.?.....or is it, because, in a moment of *non-chalance*, you had the instinctive generosity to yield her a service?

Do you suppose that you have made her your property, by becoming security

rity for a ſum, too paltry, perhaps, to mention?.....If this is the caſe, and that becauſe you have found an amiable woman, whoſe virtue blazed forth too conſpicuouſly, to eſcape even your attention, you ſeduloufly labour to deſtroy thoſe very charms you admire.....are theſe your claims to the character of an honeſt fellow?.....

I will believe not.....I will aſſure myſelf, that thoſe feelings, which dictated relief to the diſtreſſed, will point out the folly, the unmanly cruelty, of purſuing an unprotected young woman;.....and a determination not again to indulge in the dangerous view of her beauty, will entirely eradicate thoſe impreſſions, you conſider ſo ſeriouſly.

You

You ſee, I do not ſpare you.....Let it convince you, I am your friend, but do not let it deter you from communicating every thought to me.

Be aſſured, my dear fellow, no one is more deeply intereſted in your welfare, than I am; and none will participate, more feelingly, your cares and hopes.

Perhaps a tale, which I have recently heard, may have tinctured this with rather too ſombre a caſt.....If ſo, take the ſtory as the apology.....But as it is rather long, I ſhall make it the ſubject of my next epiſtle.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

Orleans.

MY friend, Mr. Brown, and I, were, two days paſt, ſtrolling towards the ſpot, where we generally paſs our mornings, on the banks of the Loiret; when, at ſome diſtance, we perceived a female, whoſe dejected looks, and haggard appearance, beſpoke her the child of misfortune.

She was too much occupied by her diſtreſſes, to be interrupted by our appearance; and, in reſpect to her ſuppoſed unhappy ſituation, we turned

turned into a fmall wood, whofe branches touched the margin of the river.

Curiofity, however, and alfo, I truft, a nobler motive, prompted us to watch her fteps.

She approached the water.....then turning, and looking round cautioufly, fhe threw herfelf on her knees .....her hands were clafped.....fhe bowed her head to the ground.....and appeared for fome minutes abforbed in prayer.....She then ftarted up; and, crying with a loud and frantic voice, "Here I fhall find peace!" fhe plunged into the river.

Brown flew to her affiftance.....The bank was fteep, and mouldering.....it gave way, and his life had nearly been

facrificed to his humanity ;....but a willow, enrooted on its fide, faved him.

He had caught hold of fome of the drefs of the unfortunate woman, and he retained it in his grafp, in fpite of his own danger, till I came to his affiftance ;....when we had the good fortune to fecure the poor creature.

It was long, before fhe became fenfible of her fituation ; and when returning life had reftored her memory, fhe viewed us with difguft, and fternly afked, by what right we had recalled her to a world of mifery ?

We attempted by every method, to footh the horrors of her mind ; and, at length, they appeared to be attended

attended with ſucceſs....With ſtreaming eyes, ſhe ſaid, in a mild tone of melancholy,

"Ah! you ſeem to be ſtrangers....
"but if you knew, that I muſt for
"ever be miſerable, you would not
"ſurely have prevented me from
"finding a period to my woes."

We begged to know her place of abode....ſhe pointed to a low *chaumiere,* not far diſtant; and as my friend aſſiſted her thither, I ran to procure, at a neighbouring farm-houſe, ſome brandy, or whatever other cordial they had.

I was fortunate enough to get a bottle of *vin de beaujency,* and returned inſtantly to the cottage;....and as its unhappy tenant had retired, to diveſt

herſelf of her dripping weeds, we had full leiſure to remark the neatneſs of the apartment.

The furniture, though mean, was convenient.....a German flute, and ſome drawings, lay on the table;.... and on a ſhelf were placed the works of Corneil, Voltaire, Moliere, and ſome others of the beſt French authors..... And this confirmed us in the opinion, that the unfortunate woman owed her preſent obſcurity, to misfortune, and not to birth.

After many entreaties, we prevailed on her to taſte the wine....ſhe at length acquired calmneſs, and a plenteous flood of tears allowed utterance to her woes.

"Accept my thanks, generous "ſtrangers," ſaid ſhe, "for the humanity

" manity you have evinced for a
" being, who has now no earthly tie,
" to tempt her to endure exiftence.....
" One moment, longer, would have
" placed me beyond the perfecutions
" of the world, and have ended all
" my fufferings....But, gracious God,"
faid fhe, falling on her knees, " I
" was about to rufh, uncalled, into
" thy prefence; and, in the height of
" my prefumptuous folly, fhrunk
" from the villainy of man, to meet
" the dreadful wrath of my Creator!
" ....Thy faving arm has refcued me
" from the commiffion of fo heinous
" an offence; and I will, henceforth,
" endure with patience the afflictions
" thy wifdom fhall adjudge me to
" fuffer.....Yet think not, gentlemen,"
continued fhe, rifing from her humble
pofture, " that a fudden burft of
" defperation, or fit of melancholy,

" prompted me to commit suicide.,..
" Hear my story.....and wonder, that
" human nature could sustain so
" much calamity.

" It was my misfortune, to be
" born of a noble family in Poitou;
" and as I had many brothers, and
" the estate was not very large, I was
" designed for a cloister :....but the
" Viscount de Senermond, who ac-
" companied my eldest brother, to
" our chateau, on a shooting party,
" saw and liked me.....His family was
" unexceptionable......his possessions
" very extensive.....and he found no
" difficulty in obtaining the consent
" of my parents.

" For me, you will readily believe,
" that I was easily induced to prefer
" a handsome young husband, to the
austerity

" austerity of a convent.....and I
" accordingly became his partner for
" life.

" Sixteen years, we passed without
" any intervening cloud, to shadow
" our happiness.....We heard of the
" horrors daily committed at Paris.....
" My husband marked the approaches
" of that dreadful storm, which has
" since desolated France.....But as he
" was one of the first noblemen who
" voluntairly divested themselves of
" their titles and feudal privileges,
" and was beloved by his vassals, who,
" though now free, still regarded
" him as their master, or rather
" common father.....he hoped to abide
" the convulsions of the state in safety
" .....And as all his happiness was
" concentered in his family, he did
" not regret the loss of property.

" Heaven had bleſſed us with a
" daughter, ſoon after our marriage;
" and I had, afterwards, the felicity of
" preſenting the viſcount with a ſon.

" We lived, ſtrangers to all ſorrow,
" except that of feeling for the
" diſtreſſes of our country.....the
" thunderbolt of faction, which even
" overwhelmed the throne of the
" monarch, rolled harmleſs over our
" heads; and we thought our patrio-
" tiſm ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that our
" apprehenſions wore entirely away.

" One fatal hour ruined all our
" comforts, and plunged into irreme-
" diable wretchedneſs, a guiltleſs
" family.

" A fellow, whom the bounty of
" the viſcount had reſcued from the
" oppreſſion

" oppreſſion of a mercileſs creditor,
" and had placed him in a little farm,
" near the chateau, entered the ſaloon,
" one morning; and, after declaring
" his intention of building a larger
" houſe, as his family was rapidly
" encreaſing, had the inſolence to
" deſire, that the viſcount ſhould
" give up to him part of our garden.

' We ſhall be good neighbours, I
' truſt,' ſaid the ungrateful villain;
' and you will, doubtleſs, confeſs,
' that as few ſigneurs are permitted to
' retain even their houſe, my demand
' is not unreaſonable.'

" Our garden had been, for ſome
" time, our only amuſement, ſince
" our retirement; and it not only
" yielded pleaſurable occupation, but
" an uſeful reſource.

" In that part of the garden, which " this man desired to have, was a " pavilion, where, in the sultry days " of summer, we retired, to enjoy " the coolness which the towering " chesnuts and poplars, that sur- " rounded it, created.....Here, in the " society of our children, we passed " our happiest hours ;.....they there " learnt those lessons of virtue, which " were to form the guide and hap- " piness of their future lives.

" Our partiality for this spot, was " not unknown to the fellow, who now " desired us to cede it to him ; and it " was in that building, that he had re- " ceived the purse, which saved his " family from the horrors of a prison.

" Struck with the ingratitude of " the demand, De Senermond's pru-

" dence

"dence forfook him....he commanded "the wretch inftantly to leave the "houfe; and menaced him with "chaftifement, if he ever again "prefumed to enter the chateau.

"Laval (for that was the ingrate's "name) withdrew in fullen filence, "and Elmaide threw herfelf at her "father's feet, and befought him to "recal the farmer, and grant his "requeft.....I alfo begged him, with "tears, to comply.....But he was "inexorable, and declared, he would "fooner perifh, than yield an inch "of ground to fo atrocious a mif-"creant.

"For three weeks after this, every "ftranger that approached the "chateau filled us with terror;.....but "our fears at length fubfided.....We

 "knew

" knew, indeed, that Laval had been " abſent for ſome days, but he was " returned, and the cultivation of his " farm ſeemed to occupy him entirely " .....Our little ſociety regained its " wonted gaiety, we thought no more " of Laval, and no longer dreamed " of guillotines.

" The weather was oppreſſively hot " .....We had, in the cool of the even- " ing, retired to the pavilion, and " ſeated ourſelves on a bank of moſs " (the joint work of my two children) " and remained there a long time, " heedleſs of the dews, remarking " the ſplendor of the galaxy, and the " brilliancy of the ſpangled heavens.

" The day following.....that day, " that tore me, for ever, from the " arms of a beloved huſband and

" child.....

" child.....I was attacked by a fever.....
" in consequence of which, I kept
" my bed.

" The viscount was administering
" some lemonade, which he had
" made ; and my son and daughter
" were reading alternately, to amuse
" me, when.....a tremendous noise
" alarmed us....the door of the cham-
" ber was thrown open.....and a man,
" who called himself an officer of
" the national guards, attended by
" a party of soldiers, entered the room,
" and seizing the viscount, proceeded
" to drag him away.

'See,' said one of the ruffians,
" taking up a fowling piece ; ' this
' man keeps concealed arms.....he is
' not denounced without cause.....this
' is one proof of his guilt.'

' Search

'Search the 'houſe,' ſaid the "officer;.....'bring away all his pa-'pers.....I'll warrant, they contain 'ſufficient proof of his treachery!'.... "In an inſtant, every apartment "was pillaged, and every valuable "taken away.

"The noiſe of this procedure "brought ſeveral of our former te-"nants to our aſſiſtance; and theſe "brave fellows, though only armed "with ſticks, attacked the ſoldiers "with vigour.

"This unlucky ſtep ſealed our "ruin.....Mr. de Senermond being, "in conſequence, repreſented as the "leader of a band of rebels.....They "were ſoon repulſed, and my unfor-"tunate huſband, placed behind a "dragoon, was carried off, amid the

"ſhouts

" ſhouts of *A bas lès traitres, Vive la*
" *nation*, &c. &c.

" In a paroxiſm of deſpair, I threw
" myſelf out of bed :.....My ſtrength
" failed me ; and awhile I had the
" happineſs to be inſenſible.

" The firſt moment of returning
" reaſon, I deſired Elmaide to fly to
" Paris.....I delivered to her ſome
" jewels, which had been luckily con-
" cealed ; and, accompanied by an
" old and faithful ſervant, ſhe ſet
" forward for that wretched city.

" The capital was then groaning
" under the tyranny of that monſter,
" Roberſpierre.....Had we then known
" the character of that bloody aſſaſſin,
" we might have been convinced,
" that any attempt to move him
" to

" to compaffion, would be unfuc-
" cefsful :....But, diftant from Paris,
" and confining our refearches to
" our own province, we were even
" ignorant that fuch a difgrace to
" humanity exifted.

" On her arrival, Elmaide threw
" herfelf at the feet of the tyrant.

" She was then in the clofe of her
" fifteenth year.....her lovely dark
" eyes were drowned in tears ;.....and
" from the difpatch fhe had made.
" in her journey, heedlefs of decora-
" tions, the loofe robes fhe wore hardly
" concealed thofe rifing charms,
" which, like the expanding rofe,
" developed their growing beauties....
" Her chefnut treffes flowed in pro-
" fufion on her neck ; and, the
" trembling

" trembling eagernefs with which fhe
" pleaded for her father's releafe,
" added an interefting expreffion to
" her features ;....of which, even
" Roberfpierre was not infenfible.....
" He raifed her up ;.....fpoke as mildly
" to her, as his fiend-like fpirit would
" permit ;.....and ordered her to apply
" the following day.

" She was punctual to the hour ap-
" pointed.....The villain praifed her
" beauty, her affection for her parent,
" and intimated, that by certain com-
" pliances, fhe might inftantly pro-
" cure his liberation....He proceeding
" to take liberties, and attempting to
" clafp her in his arms, fhe repelled
" him with courage, and retired.....
" but not before the tyrant, with a
" voice that made her thrill with
" horror, told her, that if fhe did

" not

" not return that evening, and accede " to his desires, he would sign the " death-warrant of her father.

" Pale and trembling, she flew to " the prison.....on her knees, she " offered her jewels to the gaoler, and " begged permission to see her parent. " ....The fellow received, with avidity, " the gems.....then coolly thanking " her for her present, assured her, it " was not in his power to grant her " request, without a particular order " for that purpose.....She implored " him to tell her, if it was supposed " the viscount was in any danger..... " To which the unfeeling wretch " replied, that a fusillade would cer- " tainly take place the ensuing day..... " that, as Mr. de Senermond was a " *ci-devant* noble, he would, in com- " pliment to his illustrious descent,

" have

" have the *pas* of his fellow prifoners, " and be one of the firft to fuffer.....

' But,' added he with a leer, ' you ' are pretty.....and perhaps you may ' find *methods* to get the decree re- ' voked.....Your only refource is, to ' apply inftantly to Roberfpierre..... ' His fiat will fave or condemn him.'

" Frantic with defpair, the mifer- " able girl flew towards his place of " refidence :.....but fcarcely had fhe " traverfed two ftreets, when her " tottering limbs refufed her further " fupport, and fhe funk down at the " door of a fhop, the owner of which, " a confectioner, humanely conveyed " her into his houfe, and adminiftered " every reftorative that he fuppofed " would be of fervice to her.

" All

" All his efforts appeared, for ſome " hours, to be of no avail....at length, " ſhe recovered; and the horror of her " father's ſituation preſenting itſelf in " full force, ſhe ſtarted up, and, in " ſpite of all the efforts of the chari- " table confectioner, to withold her, " ſhe burſt from him, and ran to " implore the mercy of a wretch, who " never knew its influence.

" Her hurried ſteps and wild air, " would have induced the perſons ſhe " paſſed to ſuppoſe her a maniac; " but it was now late, and the ſhades " of evening protected her from ob- " ſtruction.

" She knocked loudly at the gate. " ....She flew paſt the porter, who " opened it.....She entered the hotel, " and aſcending the grand ſtair-caſe,

" entered

" entered an apartment, where ſhe
" perceived ſome lights.....It was
" the ſaloon of Roberſpierre,
" and preſented a ſcene worthy of
" himſelf.

" He was ſeated before a large
" table, on which lay ſeveral liſts of
" proſcribed perſons; and around it
" ſtood a band of ferocious aſſaſſins,
" ready to imbrue their hands in any
" deed of blood, and awaiting the
" orders of their maſter.

" On Elmaide's entrance, he
" ſtarted, and turned pale at the
" ſudden intruſion.

" A ruffian ſeized her, and, with
" his dagger, would have inſtantly
" diſpatched her, had he not been
" prevented by Roberſpierre, who
" com-

" commanded them to withdraw.....
" Then turning to the proftrate maid,

'Well,' faid he, 'do I behold you
'amenable to my wifhes?'

'Oh!' faid the terrified Elmaide,
'fave, fave my father!....his daughter
'delivers herfelf to you, as his ran-
'fom.'

'It is well,' faid he, endeavouring
" to affume a milder look; 'we
'fhall then be happy;....and to-
'morrow, in this manfion, you fhall
'fee the vifcount'....And ringing the
bell, 'fhew,' faid he, 'this citoyenne
'to her chamber.'

" She fainted;....and the fervants
" conveyed her, cold and lifelefs, to
" the bed of the monfter.

" The

" The following morning, Elmaide, " scarcely exifting, threw herfelf at the " feet of her ravifher, and demanded " the performance of his promife.

' What!' cried he, ' can my em- ' braces furnifh no joys to induce you ' to remain awhile.....you weep,' con- " tinued he, ' you are infenfible, and ' coldly receive my addreffes.....Well, ' then, I go to order the conveyance ' of your father hither; and you ' fhall find,' added he, with a dia- " bolical grin, ' that, in fpite of your ' indifference, I will not violate my ' promife.'

" Returning in a fhort time,

' Go,' faid he, ' and, in the next ' faloon, you will find the Vifcount ' de Senermond.'

" Elmaide

" Elmaide flew, with the utmoft
" fwiftnefs.....She opened the door.....
" and beheld.....Gracious Powers !.....
" the corpfe of her father !....pierced
" with an hundred balls !

" The villain followed her, to
" enjoy a treat, fo well fuited to his
" murderous foul ;....but his triumph
" was not complete....My wretched
" daughter had funk upon the lifelefs
" body.....and was no more !

" You are ftruck with horror at
" this recital ; and are aftonifhed,
" that I could furvive fo terrible an
" event.

" Nature had nearly yielded to
" fuch a complication of mifery ;....
" but the recollection, that I was a
" mother.....that I had ftill duties to
" fulfil.....

" fulfil.....inſpired me with courage
" to live.....for my ſon.

" After the death of my huſband,
" and daughter, I was turned out of
" the chateau.

" Laval, attended by a guard,
" took poſſeſſion; and I bade adieu
" to the ſcene of all my former hap-
" pineſs.

" The villagers flocked around us,
" each making a tender of his ſervices,
" and urging me to make him happy
" by accepting them.

" By theſe honeſt ruſtics, we were
" furniſhed with horſes; and we
" arrived in ſafety at Tours, where
" an aunt of mine reſided.

"We found ſhe had died the day
"before our arrival; and we had
"again to ſeek for a place of ſhelter.

"My aunt had bequeathed us a
"trifling legacy.....I ſtaid to receive
"it.....then changing my dreſs to that
"of a widow of the common claſs,
"I ſought out and purchaſed this
"cottage.

"Here have we remained ever
"ſince.....the loſs of maſters, I en-
"deavoured to make up, by procur-
"ing for my ſon the works of the
"moſt celebrated authors; and the
"virtuous youth had no ambition, no
"wiſh, but the happineſs of his
"mother.

"Yeſterday was his fete.....he had
"compleated his fifteenth year, and
"we

" we celebrated it with a chearfulnefs
" approaching to gaiety....Alas! how
" little did I fufpect, that it was the
" laft day, I was to behold my boy!

" This morning, a band of foldiers " entered the *chaumiere*.....They afked " for wine.....I prefented them with " all I had.....They admired the " vigorous and well-proportioned " limbs of my fon, and demanded his " age....Not apprehending the misfor- " tune that was about to overwhelm " us, I informed them; and, with all " the garrulity of a fond mother, " expatiated on his rifing merit.

' He is then worthy,' faid one of " them, ' to ferve the republic.'

" And rifing, ordered him to " accompany them.

" On his refufal, they proceeded to " force him away.....The gallant " youth feized a ftick ; and, for an " inftant, remained mafter of the " place.

" They returned ; they bound his " hands, and ftriking him with their " firelocks, forced him away.

" It was then all my fortitude for- " fook me.....I had no longer any " thing to live for.....I flew to the " river....."

As fhe faid this, we heard a fhot..... A young man, covered with blood, rufhed into the room.

" Oh God! it is my fon!" fhe exclaimed.

They

They flew into each other's arms..... the viſcounteſs ſunk down in a ſwoon; ....and the brave youth, forgetting his own wounds, was adminiſtering ſuccour to his parent.....when his purſuers entered.

The hand of death was upon him, and the pale tint of mortality overſpread his manly countenance.....A momentary flaſh of reanimating indignation beamed in his eyes; and, turning to the ſoldiers, he ſaid,

" Go, ruffians!....I fear you no
" longer.....Heaven releaſes me from
" your clutches; and I am ſtill
" free."

He then embraced the cold cheek of his mother, and expired.

All attempts to reſtore the wretched widow, were ineffectual: nor could I regret, that ſhe had bid an eternal adieu to all *terreſtrial* miſery.

I have this moment learnt, that we are again to move towards the coaſt..... I therefore hope, that we are about to be exchanged, and that I ſhall ſhortly ſee you.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by W. MINSHULL,
Eaſtgate, Cheſter.